

The Magazine for the Christian Home

Hearthstone

Religious Education

EXHIBIT

Pacific School of Religion



- A Code of Morals for Teen-Agers—*Barton Hunter*
- Are You Really Glad You Have Television?—*Margaret S. Ward*

March, 1952

The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Contents

ARTICLES

They Found God There	Herbert V. Bryant	2
Family Life in Puerto Rico	Barbara Farmer	5
With a Puzzled Little Brow	Richmond O. Brown	11
Are You Really Glad You Have Television? (Study Article)	Margaret S. Ward	13
A Code of Morals for Teen-Agers	Barton Hunter	18
The Memories They Leave	Lucile W. Lovell	21
Your Child's Emotions and His Health	Ruth E. Renkel	28
I Found Out About Prayer	Earl Halstett	33
As Told to Ben Keele		
On the Move and Liking It	Hazel Thomson	42
While Fools Are So Rife in the Nation	Calvin T. Ryan	44

FICTION

Queen's Castle	Martha Kellogg	8
In Their Footsteps	Beth Phillips Cox	30
Stories for Children		
Can't I Help?	Grace V. Schillinger	26
The Kite That Wouldn't Play	Eleanor Hammond	27

FEATURES

Family Counselor	Dr. George W. Crane	16
This Is the Way We Did It: Happy Convalescence	Jessie Kenyon	23
Resources for Worship with Young Children		24
All in the Family	Harold Helfer	34
Biblegram	Hilda E. Allen	35
For Good Times in the Home		
Family Fun with the Irish	Loie Brandom	36
Grandma's Basket	Ralph E. Ogden	37
Study Guide on "Are You Really Glad You Have Television?"	Margaret S. Ward	38
What the Churches Are Doing in Family Life	J. D. Montgomery	39
Books for the Hearth Side		41
See! It's Cellophane!	Verna Grisier McCully	46

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Fireside Chat

Did you ever watch sparks fly as you sat before your fireplace or in front of a little iron coal stove with its door wide open? We are reminded of those sparks as we watch each issue of *Hearthstone* go to press. It is our hope that it, too, makes sparks fly, to kindle renewed faith and a feeling of hope, joy and security in the Christian families it reaches, and to fire their minds with ideas and enthusiasm to solve old problems and face the new. Especially is this our hope as spring approaches with its renewal of life about us.

With this issue, sparks of enlightenment may go out to you from other families as their experiences are recounted in "They Found God There," "Are You Really Glad You Have Television?" "Happy Convalescence," "I Found Out About Prayer," and "On the Move and Liking It."

If the teen-agers in your family are anxious—and we know they are—to keep up to date, they'll enjoy "A Code of Morals for Teen-Agers."

Dr. Crane appears for the first time as our family counselor. If you want to know more about psychology you'll read his article and also "Your Child's Emotions and His Health."

Our Writers

Herbert V. Bryant is minister of the First Baptist Church, Taft, California. Barbara Farmer and her husband are missionaries to Puerto Rico. Barton Hunter teaches at Bradley University and is minister at the West Bluffs Christian Church, Peoria, Illinois. Calvin T. Ryan is also a college professor—at the State Teachers College, Kearney, Nebraska.

Next Month

A timely feature for homes with little children will be "Easter in the Family." Miss Juanita Purvis, an authority on worship in the family with young children, makes an important contribution in an article on that subject. An air force army chaplain gives advice to families of boys in the service. Other articles will be: "The Teen-Ager and His Church," "Vocation—Doing a Job Well," "Family Life in Jamaica," "The Home as a Teacher of Christian Attitudes." Besides, there are stories for young and old. And, to keep real sparks from starting a fire, an article "Don't Burn the House Down."

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*A
Word
from*



The Word

... like the mountains of God

Thy loving kindness, O Lord, is in the heavens;
Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the skies.
Thy righteousness is like the mountains of God;
Thy judgments are a great deep:
O Lord, thou preservest man and beast.
How precious is thy lovingkindness, O God!
And the children of men take refuge under the shadow of thy
wings.
They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy
house;
And thou wilt make them drink of the river of thy pleasures.
For with thee is the fountain of life:
In thy light shall we see light.
Oh continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee,
And thy righteousness to the upright in heart.

—Psalm 36:5-10.

Can God be found in the everyday experiences in the home? Three families, each with quite different problems, show how. . .

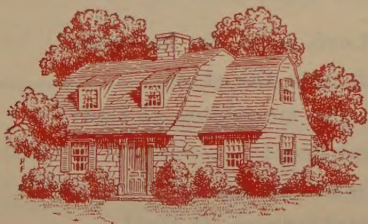
They Four

By HERBERT V. BRYANT

The thrilling stories of the many people who found God in the activities and services of the church have frequently been told. But what about those who found him in the everyday experiences in their homes? Let us hear some of their accounts. The people whose stories we shall hear are real—as real as the God they found, but the names we have given them are not real.

The Burches

Dick and Lois Burch never knew God until they met him in their home. Dick was in the ninth grade, and in Centerville that meant the first year of high school. Lois was in the seventh grade, but since she was tall for her age, everyone thought that she, too, was in high school. Mrs. Burch worked in the office of the State Department eight busy hours a day and spent the rest of the time worrying about her two fatherless children who were juvenile delinquents, according to those who study such matters.



Since I am a minister, Mrs. Burch came to me one day in desperation and told me that she was at her wit's end. She didn't have to tell me that; everyone in Centerville knew it. Much as a psychologist would do, I let her do most of the talking, and strangely enough, she reached the solution herself. I made a few suggestions, but the rest of this story is a result of her own thinking, blessed by God. "Since God is everywhere," she soliloquized, "he is at our house just as much as he is in the church. I can't get Dick or Lois to come to church, so I guess we'll have to find him at our house." Without saying so, we both had realized that finding God was the only answer

to her problems. Her next move was to find him in a place where Dick and Lois would be present. Home was the only answer.

I don't know whether Mrs. Burch really studied the books I loaned her, but Dick and Lois soon found out that Mom was pretty swell after all. *Step One* was to make home interesting enough with sufficient things to do so that Dick and Lois would *want* to stay home in the evenings.



Have you ever noticed that when young people *want* to stay home because they might miss something important, they soon invite their friends to join them? It worked that way at the Burch house, which soon became somewhat of a "Youth Center." Woodwork, leather tooling, Ping-pong, and record transcribing soon gained momentum. So many young people were coming regularly to the Burches at night that the local newspaper sent a reporter to get a story. The result was headlined: "CENTERVILLE HAS NEW NIGHT CLUB." While "back-fence" tongues began to wag, God began to move into the Burch house. The young people from the church began to attend, and the "salt" began to season the whole. Mrs. Burch had planned carefully for *Step Two*—Dick and Lois were now actually making friends with the Christian group of young people. As natural as the "slanguage" of the teen-ager, talk about living a Christian life soon found number one position on the hit parade. Dick and Lois (and Mrs. Burch, too) realized their need of God in their lives, and when one seeks God, one finds Him. One night in the Burch home some Christian young people made it possible for others to commit their lives to God—

OD THERE



and the Burches found God there. Today the three of them are active Christians at First Church, Centerville.

Clifford Tregell

Cliff was the Henry Aldrich of Longley Heights. The other Tregells, Mr. and Mrs. and their daughter Jeanne, were all Christians, but Cliff was the black sheep, the prodigal son, the heartache and headache of the Tregells. He wasn't a bad boy—he just lived the normal, mischievous life of a sixteen-year-old boy whose energies and impulses had not been harnessed by God. He was a good student—not in the sense of grades, but in the way that one is a good student when he possesses a well-balanced personality, the willingness to work, and the sort of charm that is admired equally by student and faculty. He was a boy's boy everywhere he went—and, during track season, that was mostly to the athletic field. He was Longley High's star in low hurdles and broad jump. He was a girl's boy, too, possessing a smile which made you understand why many parents would sigh at the mention of his name.

But Clifford Tregell did not know God—and here's where the story starts. Mr. Tregell was the backbone of the church. Seldom did he spend an evening at home; there was always a meeting to attend, or a message to give at another church. He was the kind of man whom most ministers wish they could have in their congregations—a good layman, zealous for the work of the Master and the church. Everyone said that he was the best example of a fully consecrated Christian giving his best to the cause of Christ. However, I think he missed the mark with Cliff, for he didn't seem to have much in common

with him. Mr. Tregell just didn't take the time to fish with Cliff, or to attend the track meets and enter into Cliff's interests.

There were some who said that Mr. Tregell's devotion to the church drove Cliff away from it. Although that wasn't quite true, it was an opinion often shared by those who like to speculate. Many ministers are guilty of the same thing, I fear, although it certainly isn't limited to Christian workers. The more Mr. Tregell and his wife did in the church, the more Cliff did to avoid it. Mrs. Tregell was usually at her husband's side, and Jeanne was usually absorbed in church activities also. Cliff complained many times, "The family is always at church."

Like a malignant wound that never heals, Cliff had an idea that finally possessed him. Sharing the secret with his buddy Tom Lincoln, he revealed his plans to skip out the day after graduation and head for El Paso, where he would get a job. Tom's best friend was Jeanne's "steady," so the news finally reached Mr. Tregell. I think that he was crushed at the thought that Cliff was planning this in secret, but he didn't show it or even mention it to me. I am certain that Cliff was not aware that his father knew of his plans.

The day after graduation was Saturday, and Mr. Tregell was home all day. About three o'clock in the afternoon Cliff carried a large package out of his room and announced that he was taking some things over to the Wilsons. But Mr. Tregell was right there. "Come here, Son," was all he said, and led the way to the living room.

"I know what you are planning to do, Cliff, and I am greatly disappointed—mostly because you have not felt free to talk it over with Mother and me. But let's pray about it."

It was the prayer that made me think more of Mr. Tregell than I ever did before, and that somewhat changed my idea of his neglecting Cliff.

"Lord, forgive me for being such a poor father. You know my love and devotion for Cliff, and I have failed him. Mother and I have tried to make a Christian home for him, and we have failed to make it attractive for him. Now he wants to go away.

Perhaps he is right. Reach out and protect him and care for him every minute wherever he goes. Help Mother and me to bear our grief. Forgive me, for it's all my fault."

Cliff was sobbing before the prayer was finished. "Oh, Dad, it's not *your* fault! It's mine! Oh, Lord, forgive me! It's all my fault! I can't go through with it!"

It was there in the living room of the Tregell home in Longley Heights that Saturday in June that Cliff found God. Today he is a fine medical doctor with the promise of becoming an authority in his field.

The Hansons

If the other stories are a little out of the ordinary, the story of the Hansons isn't. Their experience gives me hope for the thousands of other families, from Maine to California, who live on Center Street, Bealle Avenue, Circle Drive, Route 1, Box 299, or on "F" Street.

I met the Hansons for the first time when they came forward to unite with the church one Sunday

morning. This was the perfect ending to their experience of finding God in their home.

Every Tuesday night I went to the church and had prayer with a group of men who called themselves "The Andrew Club." They were interested in bringing men to Christ, and would go calling in various homes every Tuesday evening. I don't know where they got the name of the Hansons, but they stopped there one evening.

"The Hansons are swell people" was the remark you usually heard in Clearwater—and no one would question it. It was true. Mr. Hanson was a mechanic for the Clearwater Ford Company. Mrs. Hanson was a good mother and housewife, devoting some spare time to the Clearwater Hospital as a nurse's aide. Joe was a freshman in Clearwater High, with a lot to learn but learning fast, and Ruth was doing well at junior high. She was on the bashful side, but it was becoming.

Interest?—Mr. Hanson and Joe spent most of their spare time fixing up an old pickup truck which they had managed to haul into their yard. It was to be a family fishing car. They all enjoyed fishing, and the week ends were adequate since the Ford Company was closed on Saturday.

Religion?—None. At least they were like a lot of other folk who just never went to church or even talked about it. Sunday was a "catch-up" day.

I think people liked the Hansons because they were never too busy to talk to you. Some people have the habit of making you feel as if you were making them miss a train if you talk to them. But the Hansons were easygoing, and made you feel at home. I think that is why the Andrew Club enjoyed their visit with them. Without the hint of the super-gusto-salesman approach, the Andrew Club presented quietly, frankly, and sincerely the claims of Christ. It wasn't done in one evening. In fact, it was four months from the time the Club made their first visit to the time when the Hansons joined the church. But having been invited to come again, the men did so.

Mr. Hanson was not a hardheaded skeptic. Most men aren't. They are like Mr. Hanson in that they just don't think about God very often and, when they do, they don't do anything about it. The Andrew Club did a good job, for Mr. and Mrs. Hanson were both interested. They were led to the place where they realized that they had left God out of their lives and should commit themselves to Him. But before doing so, they talked to Joe and Ruth, who at different times reached the point where they, too, wanted to join with their parents and give their lives to God. It was simple; it was honest; it was sincere; it was lasting. Today, three years later, an old pickup truck stands at the side of the Hanson house. It hasn't been moved since it was put there. It was brought there to be made into a family fishing car for week-end fishing. But the Hansons all attend church now. They never miss. The old pickup truck is a silent reminder that the Hansons found God there—and that His claim on their lives is greater than any other force.

I Bless This House

I bless and praise this house of ours
And all that is herein;
The living room and fireplace,
The bedroom, bath and den.

I bless and praise the kitchen where
I spend such happy hours;
The patio and garden filled
With sunshine, song and flowers.

I praise the bedroom where we sleep
And where we read and write,
And where a welcome guest may come
To rest and spend the night.

This is God's house and all are His
For he's our Friend, indeed;
He is our Keeper, kind and good,
Supplying what we need.

I bless and praise this perfect house
In all humility;
It is God's house and we are His
Harmonious family.

Puerto Rico's Rio Grande, with fields of sugar cane growing in its valley and on the hillsides. Here, harvest time begins in January and lasts about six months.



A Protestant missionary tells a true story of rural Puerto Rico. You'll find plenty of human interest when you meet Don Justo, Dona Lola, and some of their nine children and twenty-nine grandchildren in . . .

family life in Puerto Rico

DON JUSTO sat on the high front porch overlooking his farm and breathed in the smell of freshly roasted coffee which came from the little kitchen in the back of the house. Dona Lola would soon be bringing him his mid-afternoon cup of *cafe con leche* (coffee with hot milk.) He was glad, for the heat of the early spring afternoon was making him drowsy in spite of the noisy presence of his grandchildren playing with tops in front of the porch.

It was Sunday, the Lord's day, and his day of rest. Now that he was approaching seventy years of age, how glad he was to have a day of rest. Too, he was happy because every Sunday at least some of his nine living children and twenty-nine grandchildren came back to the farm to visit.

He looked down at the farm situated on the gently rolling hillside. To the left, under the shade of huge breadfruit trees with their angular branches supporting huge,

dark green, finger-shaped leaves and round, yellow-green fruit, grew coffee. By the look of the fragrant white blooms this spring, the crop would be good, if a hurricane did not destroy it. God had been good, and spared the island of the dreaded hurricane for many years now. Um! Home-grown coffee freshly roasted with fresh cow's milk—none of this foreign canned milk in his home.

At the thought of the cows, he glanced to the mountainside at his right where his cows were pastured. Soon Don Pepe, his faith-

ful peon (hired man), would be leading them in to milk. The extra milk which they did not use or sell, Dona Lola saved to make *queso de hoja* (leaf cheese) by curdling it and, after removing the whey, forming it in a round mold made of palm and fresh green banana leaves. This was a special treat with candied papaya or guava to accompany it. His daughters loved to take some of it

By BARBARA FARMER



The author is teaching Puerto Rican girls how to sew at a Protestant mission in Bayamon.

home to the city with them when they left on Sunday night.

Just then he was startled by a chorus of squeals from the children as a little pig came running by, chased by a neighbor's dog. Apparently the pig had wandered away from its mother, which was tied down near the cool shady creek that ran among the coffee and breadfruit trees. The sow had had a big litter this year; soon the little pigs would be fat and ready for roasting. *Lechon asado* (roast pig) was a favorite holiday food as were *pasteles* (similar to tamales but made with grated green banana, pork, and seasonings, and wrapped in a banana leaf and steamed).

How glad he was, thought Don Justo, that instead of plowing up his land and planting sugar cane as did so many of his neighbors, he had left it for general farming. Perhaps they had more money but, with the help of the Lord, he and his family had enjoyed prosperity on their land. Then there were his native chickens, fattened on home-grown corn. Other breeds of chickens might be larger than his or give more eggs, but they did not have the flavor when cooked with rice and served with red kidney beans.

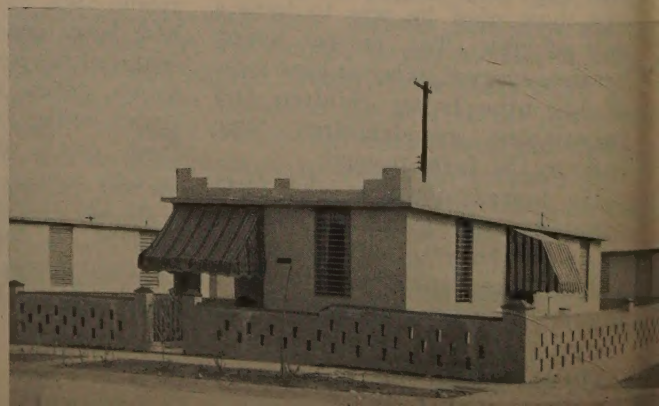
Now that the children were grown, he did not plant as many bananas, plantains, and root vegetables, but he always had some to

eat with salt codfish at noontime. He was glad for the avocado, mango, orange, lemon, and grapefruit trees his sons had helped him plant on the hillside. They enjoyed the fruit and were able to sell some in the market to add to the family income.

Just then Dona Lola appeared with coffee cup in hand. She smiled to herself as she saw Don Justo so obviously wrapped in reverie in spite of the boisterous games of the children in front of him. Don Justo shook himself, returned Dona Lola's smile, and took the cup from her hand.

"We'll eat a little early tonight," she said. "The last bus for Caguas leaves at five-thirty. The girls are helping get dinner. From the way the children are playing they will be hungry soon. My, how Juanito is growing!"

One of 7,000 homes in the Puerto Nuevo development where Don Justo's son lives. It has five rooms (two bedrooms) and sells for about \$4,000.



Dona Lola turned and left for the kitchen. She carried herself erect in spite of her sixty-six years. Many women her age were stooped, but somehow she had a sort of self-assurance about her. True, her figure had thickened with the years and her long black hair fastened in a tight knot at the back of her neck was showing streaks of gray, but she had dignity and calm. He remembered vaguely a time when she had not had this happy self-assurance.

The pungent coffee drove away his drowsiness and he was glad when his son Ricardo came up on the porch and pulled a rocking chair close to his.

RICARDO WAS the best educated of his sons. Don Justo was proud that all of his children could read and write, things which he in his youth had not had the opportunity of learning because of lack of schools. Although Ricardo was the most serious of his children, his big black eyes always held a twinkle. He had had a desire for learning, in which his father had always encouraged him. He had had to walk three miles each way to attend the nearest high school, but had seldom missed a day. His high grades won him a scholarship at the University of Puerto Rico in Rio Piedras.

Ricardo was now teaching in the science department of the Bayamon High School, and he was married to a young woman, Maria, who had also been a schoolteacher. They had four children and lived in an attractive new concrete house in Puerto Nuevo, the very large middle-class housing project

between Bayamon and San Juan. Around their pretty pink house Maria had planted flowering vines and shrubs which she had brought from Don Justo's farm. The bougainvillea which was now growing over the little porch in Puerto Nuevo was almost as pretty as the vine which Dona Lola had tended and trained through the years over the porch here in the country. Maria had made a real home for his son. How fortunate a man is to have a good wife and a Christian home!

A shout from the children took Ricardo out of his chair and down the steps to fill in, in a game of softball which the boys had started. Although some of the children were still a little young to play and the ground was not very level, they were attempting a game of their favorite sport.

WITH RICARDO gone, Don Justo continued his reverie. He remembered now the days of his youth, when he had not been a Christian, that is not a Protestant Christian. Oh, he had been baptized in the Catholic church and sometimes went to church on special holidays and saints' days, or when some member of the family was married or died or was baptized. The only churches then were Catholic and far away in the town.

When he and Lola had married some fifty years ago, they had settled on this farm which his uncle had left to him. A number of years had passed and they had not had any children. Don Justo (then known only as Justino) had done what many of his friends and neighbors had done. He had taken another wife, named Fransisca, and built a little home for her in the next village. Lolita had never openly complained, for it was not against custom nor was it her place as a woman to speak; yet he felt sometimes that she had lost some of the exuberance which she had previously had. His other wife bore him two sons. Then one day he realized that Lola, too, was to bear a child. He remembered still with grief how their child had been born dead. For weeks Lola stayed in bed. Then later, when she was

around, she did barely the essentials. The home was untidy, but she scarcely noticed. They quarreled a great deal and Justino began to spend more and more time with Fransisca.

AT ABOUT that time news had spread around the barrio of missionaries of a new church. They called themselves "Evangelicos."

had begun to realize that a change had come over her. The old melancholy which had dominated her personality since the death of their son was disappearing. He noticed that for the first time in many months the house was in good order. Finally he agreed that she might attend the services in the little hilltop chapel which the missionaries had built if she went in



A seminary student in Rio Piedras and pastor of a little church in the hills, this Puerto Rican reads the Bible to his daughters.

They were preaching of Jesus Christ as a Savior, and encouraging people who could read to study the Bible. Many persons at first had been skeptical. Rumor spread about that they preached against the Virgin Mary and were wicked, but a courageous few began to attend the services. Don Justo remembered how, in spite of the fact that he seldom attended Mass, he considered himself and his family as Catholic. He remembered now the anger he had felt when, upon returning home after spending a month in the home of Fransisca, he discovered that Lola had been attending the services. He had tried to quarrel with her, but she had remained silent. Gradually he

the company of her neighbors.

As months passed he saw more and more change come over her. Often he found her praying. At times the missionary visited their home, and Don Justo could only be cordial as he would be to any other stranger. During each visit the missionary would read from the Bible and pray with them. Don Justo had never before had a Bible in his house and had seldom heard it read. Somehow the words stirred an inner unrest. The missionary spoke of Christ as though he were a living Savior come to save all men if they would but repent of their sins and follow him. In time Don Justo began

(Continued on page 40.)

QUEEN'S CASTLE

HATE is too serious to let it get hold of you without good reason, Millie told herself. In contrition she urged Fred Galloway to have another pork chop, a hot biscuit, or more baked beans. She unclenched her teeth and forced stiff lips into a smile.

The man's round face beamed at her. "What a treat to eat farm cooking again. Didn't plan on imposing on you at noontime, Mrs. Harriman. But your husband wouldn't let me miss seeing a single corner of his land or a rafter in that new barn. He's a pretty good salesman, himself!"

Millie gulped a swallow of black coffee. She looked across the table at Craig's bronzed face. His eyes were bent guiltily and his forehead was puckered. *He's the one I should hate,* Millie thought, *instead of the real estate salesman. This is the third time in our nineteen years together that Craig has done this to me. Let me work, work, work to make a ramshackle house into a home, and then . . . But he's my husband and I've loved him for twenty years. Still do. But I can't let him do it again!*

"Craig . . ." Millie sat back and smoothed her plaid apron over slender hips. "We're not gonna sell the farm."

Craig's fork clattered against his plate. His forehead unpuckered and a flush appeared beneath the bronze. "Now, Millie—you just leave this to me as you always have. I make the money. And this is a chance to get a good profit—real good."

"Five thousand dollars!" Mr. Galloway specified.

The hate surged up into Millie's breast again. "What do I care about that?" Her voice quivered. "We got enough without it. I want my home. I've got a right to it." She held out worn hands. "I painted and papered, sawed and pounded, scrubbed and dug to make it. It's mine! They say a man's home is his castle. Well, so is mine. Queen's castle!"

Craig's chair scraped back. From the corner of her eye Millie watched his long, denim-clad legs move toward her. She felt his hand rest gently on her shoulder. "I know, Millie girl. I know. I've done a lot of work on the land and outbuildings, too. But—this is too good to pass up. We—gotta do it."

Millie's eyes stung. She flung back her chair and held her breath until she reached the sanctuary of the bathroom.

The men took plenty of time going over the house. Every time Millie heard their steps moving to another room she reached for a fresh handful of tissues. When they stopped outside the bathroom door she noisily snapped the lock. That man wouldn't see this room. Not this gleaming spot of luxury she had managed to get after all these years. Let Craig show him the small gray building it had replaced!

Millie's ears strained to catch their words as they moved away. ". . . tomorrow morning," Mr. Galloway was saying. "The Jessons'll trade, all right. You can . . ." The back door slammed.

The Jesson place! The worst place Craig had ever considered. Millie blew her nose and went out

to the kitchen. The dinner dishes were stuck on. *No matter, Millie thought. Give her a little more time to spend here. Mrs. Jesson wouldn't appreciate this kitchen. It hadn't been made specially for her or by her. Low cupboards just right for a small woman. Plenty of them—for a woman who liked to cook. Plenty of light. Big sink.*

THE telephone jangled—two long, one short. Millie wiped her palms on her apron. Nona Askins' nasal voice came over the wire. "Millie, the Ladies' Aid committee is stumped for a meeting place next time. Everybody's spring cleaning. We wondered if you could—"

"Oh, Nona, don't!" Millie interrupted. "I probably won't even be—"

"If it's too much work, Millie, I'll be glad to help you."

"Work? Oh, no, Nona." *Work!* An idea struck Millie. A new argument to give Craig. "Nona—I'll let you know later—in a few days. By Friday."

New, exciting hope hurried Millie's feet back to the kitchen, rushed her hands through the afternoon's tasks. A basket of ironing melted away. Craig's favorite foods simmered and baked on the white range. Everything went like one, two, three. The belt on Millie's new paisley house dress tied into a perfect bow the first time; her auburn hair fell easily into a softer halo under her nimble fingers as she was combing it.

Craig's steps dragged a little when he came in from the fields. He handed Millie an envelope.

Craig had a "will" and Millie

a "won't" and, worst of all,

they were unable to consult a

domestic relations engineer.

Craig stood up slowly. His mouth drew into a tight line and his voice was carefully low. "Why can't you see, Millie, that this is my way of making money—for you and Deanna?"



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID HENDRICKSON

"From Deanna. Guess you forgot to look in the mailbox."

"Oh! I did!" Millie took the letter and held it as if it were something fragile. A letter from your only child away at college was a treasure beyond price. She reached for the kitchen scissors to snip it open—and then stopped. No—save it to go with her argument after supper. She laid the envelope on the refrigerator.

"Food's just right now," she answered Craig's raised eyebrows. "We'll eat first."

CHICKEN and dumplings vanished twice from Craig's plate. The bowls of green beans and pickled peaches were nearly emptied. You could put in your eye the crumb of custard pie Craig left. He took a deep breath and grinned at Millie. A satisfied male. His blue eyes held a thanks

for the meal and for the fact that she was no longer angry at him.

Millie stood up. "Now, Deanna's letter," she said. "In the other room." She reached for Craig's hand.

They sat on the davenport. Craig's arm lay loosely about Millie's shoulder as she held the closely written sheets of paper between them.

"Dearest Mom and Dad": Millie blinked away a mist as her eyes followed the familiar writing down the page. Deanna wrote seriously, for an eighteen-year-old. A raise in salary in her part-time office job, an amusing history professor, success in the debating team try-out. Millie waited for Craig to finish, and turned the page. Not so businesslike now. Deanna liked college but missed home, especially now that it was fixed up so fine.

And then—Millie's finger pointed to the next paragraph.

"There's a boy I want so much to bring home at Easter. His name is Jeff Cramer and he's an orphan. I *do* like him a lot. I hope you will, too. I'll be so proud to have him meet you both and see our beautiful farm. Okay with you?"

"Craig!" Millie rested her hand on his knee. "We've *got* to keep the place now!"

Craig took the letter, folded it, and slid it into the envelope. "The boy isn't worth Deanna if he judges her by a fine home."

Millie grabbed his sleeve. "But Deanna went through the bad part of three homes with us. She knows—shame. And now she has a right to be proud—with her boy. The Jesson place is awful. I've seen it!"

Craig stood up. His mouth drew into a tight line and his voice was carefully low. "Why can't you see, Millie, that this is my way of making money—for you and Deanna? We can send her more than we have been. And—I promise you it's our last move."

"You said that before, Craig. Craig!" Millie's idea pressed against her lips. She stood up, held both his arms. "I'll get a job—in the city! Get paid every week. That'll make up the money you lose!"

Craig took a long breath and let it out slowly. He closed his hands around Millie's shaking fingers. "No, no, no! I'm the breadwinner. So let me do it my way!"

Tears overflowed Millie's eyes. Her voice was thick. "I won't move, Craig. I—I won't let you do it."

Craig pulled away and started toward the kitchen. "You will, Millie. The place is in my name alone, remember. In our state that still means something."

Millie watched him go out, and the black hate threatened to smother her.

She went to sleep that night with three resolutions: never to forgive Craig, to queer the sale with the Jessons when they came tomorrow, and to hate forever the sight of Fred Galloway.

But next morning she broke the first resolution before she was out of bed. She awoke to find Craig's arm extra tight about her and, turning, was struck by the weariness of his sleeping face. Craig was work-worn, too. He really meant right by her. But he, too, should be letting down rather than undertaking to build up another rundown farm. There must be some way to make him see that she could be right!

MR. GALLOWAY and the Jessons came at ten o'clock. The men stayed outside to investigate. Mrs. Jesson and two preschool boys timidly came inside. Within fifteen minutes Millie's second resolution was gone.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" Mrs. Jesson's thin young face beamed at the sight of Millie's kitchen. The boys silently ran chubby fingers

over the sparkling white wood-work.

"The floor's beginning to sag," Millie began. But at the shocked disbelief in Mrs. Jesson's eyes, she added hastily, "But Craig has put a steel post under it that'll hold it a hundred years." No use to half-lie. Truth will out.

Mrs. Jesson was rapturous about the house. "It'll be like heaven living here." Her voice was soft as a lover's. "How can you bear to sign it away?"

The words struck Millie like a physical blow. If only she and Craig did have a joint deed. She had asked him about it the last

**Folks never understand the
folks they hate.**

—Lowell

time. But no. He had to be manager—sole manager. Too late now—for this house. But the next one? Could she . . . ?

The men came tramping into the house. They spent little time inspecting it. The place was sold—all but the final papers which would be signed at three o'clock.

Millie's mouth felt dry as burned toast as she stood there, the only mournful unit in the elated group beside the door. Craig stepped out on the porch. The Jessons followed.

Mr. Galloway held out his hand to Millie. "Thanks—for everything." His eyes held a large measure of sympathy.

Hypocrite! Millie thought. *You're glad—not sorry!* She kept her fingers locked together.

"If I can ever do anything . . ." Mr. Galloway touched her shoulder.

A spark flickered in Millie's heart—a faint hope for her future home. Slowly she put out her hand. "Good-by . . . until three o'clock. You can . . . make my name Mildred Roberts Harriman . . . on the new deed."

Mr. Galloway gripped her hand. "Mildred Roberts Harriman," he repeated.

Millie stood by the window to watch their departure. She closed

her eyes for a moment against the sight of Craig and the salesman in their final conversation. She knew as well as though she had heard the words just when Mr. Galloway mentioned the joint deed to Craig. She didn't miss the resentful twist of his shoulders. Not even next time! She gripped her throat and turned away.

There was nothing more she could do. Deanna's "beautiful farm" would not be seen by her boy! Millie went to the sink, doused her face with cold water, rubbed it briskly with a towel. Yes, there was one more try she could make. She'd insist this afternoon that they couldn't take the place before Easter. They had to give her that long. Deanna needn't know until later.

After the girl and her boy were back in college, Millie and Craig would move to their pump-handle, coal-stove, and outhouse life on the Jesson farm. But she wouldn't even try to build it into something fine. Never again would she plan and remodel for years just to lose it all—for money they didn't need. Never!

THAT afternoon Craig was thoughtfully silent on their way to town. He hadn't seemed surprised when she said she was going along. Probably thought she wanted to shop. Millie was glad she'd bought the frivolous little flower hat and the print dress last week. It never hurt to look nice. And she hoped it would raise her spirits a little to wear them.

When Craig and Millie entered the office, the Jessons, radiantly happy, were already sitting close together on one side of a long table. Mr. Galloway pulled out chairs opposite them for Millie and Craig. The salesman's face, Millie thought, wore the smug satisfaction of a nice deal about to be finished.

Staring down at the white gloves in her lap, she fought the sickening hate twisting inside her chest. This hate was wrong. None of these people deserved it. They were all only doing what they thought right. But they didn't know what it meant to her!

(Continued on page 35.)

By RICHMOND O. BROWN

When it's rush hour in the home

and there's company for dinner,

a lot can happen—or mis-happen.

No wonder Freddie views the scene



"I dropped my head at the thought of how I must have hurt him. He needed my love. . . ."

With a

Puzzled Little Brow

I WAS DARTING from stove to sink to cabinet, keeping one eye glancing furiously at the clock. 5:03! John would be home any minute. He had phoned he was bringing his boss, Mr. Daniel, with him. They wanted to eat as soon as they got in from work and leave by 6:00 for a meeting over at Heath. But I could not possibly have the meal ready for fifteen minutes or more. Mrs. Slocum had stayed too late.

As I cut out the flour-covered biscuits I heard the green beans

boiling dry. Jumping to the sink for a cup of water, I bumped the half-empty bottle of milk. It flooded down onto my skirt before I could leap back. Exploding, I flung the cup into the sink and tried to pull the cold, sappy dress out from me. Now I would have to change. Well, I needed to, anyway.

Dashing to the bedroom closet, I heard Freddie complain from the living room with that four-year-old whine, "Mother, I'm hungry."

"You're always hungry before I get a meal ready," I snapped, seizing my blue dinner dress just back from the cleaners.

"I want to eat," he insisted with a hungry little complaint.

"Then go suck on your thumb!" Why, oh, why, did everything happen just when I was rushing, trying to do something special?

I had tugged down my fresh dress and was buttoning the third button when I smelled something scorching! The beans! With one mad dash I was in the kitchen. I

grabbed up the beans and, whirling to the sink, stumbled over Freddie. "What's the big ide . . ." But I caught my words. Slamming the pan of beans in the sink, I stood rigidly, glaring at them. I didn't care whether they were raw, scorched or pulverized.

"Mother, I'm hungry." His voice was stubborn, plaintive. Always he got in the way when I was rushing.

Ignoring him, I clamped my jaw tight and started raking the top, unburned beans into a bowl. What would John's boss think?

Trying to stretch himself up and see what I was doing, Freddie got biscuit flour all over his grubby little hands. I caught him just as he started to wipe them on my fresh dress. "Quit!" I yelled. "You're getting mother's clean dress dirty! Now get out of the kitchen. Run back in the living room and play with your . . ." Then I realized how terrible that living room must look. He had been playing in there over an hour.

Catching him by the wrist, I dragged him out through the dining room and on into . . . that living room! It was one awful mess. "Get this junk cleaned up," I ordered. "Look at those cutout books. And that sand pail and

wheelbarrow right in the middle . . . Freddie! Daddy will be here in five minutes. He'll be mad if you have the place all cluttered up with this rubbish."

"It's not rubbish!" he declared, jerking up a cutout rabbit book.

"Clear it up." I shook my finger in warning.

He responded by picking up his stick-horse and flinging it down the hall toward his room. "Stop it!" I yelled. But he showed his resentment in everything he grabbed.

"Now hurry. Daddy and Mr. Daniel will be here in just . . ." Then I heard the car coming in the drive. "Get that stuff out before they get in here," I urged and ran back to the kitchen. That son of mine. Here he had made me late with dinner the one time I wanted to have it just right.

I HEARD John and Mr. Daniel come into the living room. Freddie had most of the trash out, I knew, but little bits of paper probably glared here and there. After a moment's talk I heard John's steps coming into the kitchen. "Hello," he said and came over to me.

"Dinner isn't ready, I'm sorry," I explained. "Freddie's been try-

ing again. The beans burned. Everything happened."

He looked down at Freddie, who had followed him. "Have you been a bad boy while Daddy was at work?" he asked.

Freddie's face wrinkled and I thought he was going to cry. John broke it up by stepping over and kissing me, then saying he had better get back in with Mr. Daniel.

I started rushing again, trying to get things on the table. Suddenly Freddie caught hold of my fresh skirt and tried to pull me down to him. His little face looked serious and pleading as he mumbled, "Mother, kiss me."

I stopped over, potholder in one hand, and placed my other hand around his little shoulders. With a big "Uhm," I kissed him. He was really cute.

"Run along now. Mother's busy," I urged. "Mr. Daniel won't like you if you make Mother late with dinner."

I grabbed a handful of silverware and darted toward the dining table. But again he was back at my knees. "I love you, Mother," he said very seriously.

He was so cute I had to smile to myself. "Mother loves you, too. Now you're in the way. Run. . ."

"I can carry something, Mother." His face was as earnest as ever.

"John," I raised my voice so he could hear. "Call Freddie in there. He's awfully in the way."

"Freddie, come see what I'm doing," John responded, and came into the dining room to get him.

ALREADY Freddie was starting to meet him. I heard a sob squeeze out, but he was tucking his head stubbornly, the way he does when he runs off mysteriously to cry.

"Uuuuh, Daddy. I love Mother," he blubbered, heartbroken.

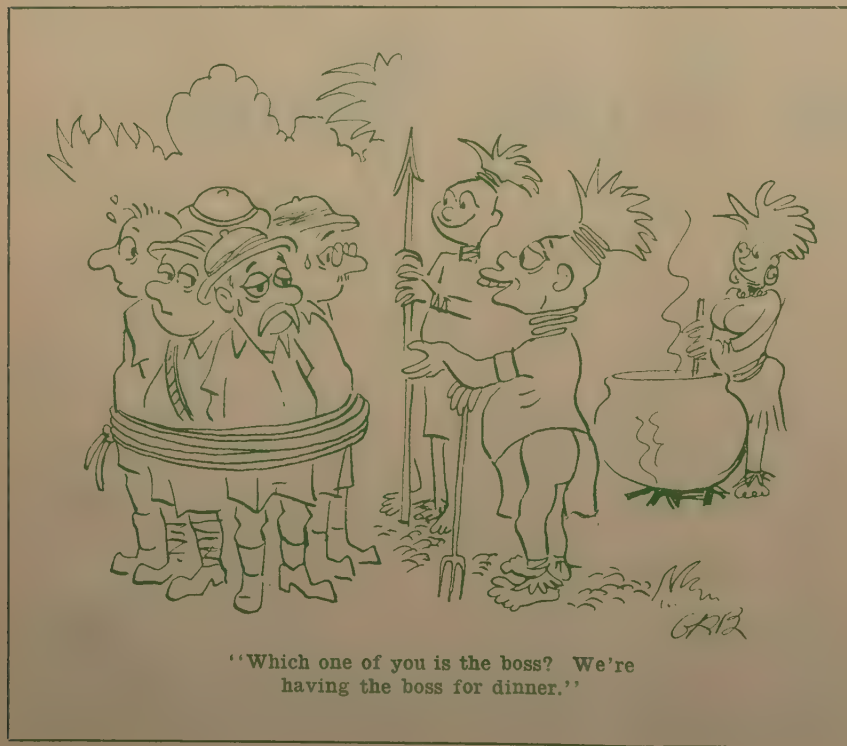
I stopped still in my tracks, shocked at this peculiar outburst there in the dining room.

"Mother loves you, too," I heard John consoling.

"But I . . . I want Mother," he wailed. His sobs must have shaken his whole body.

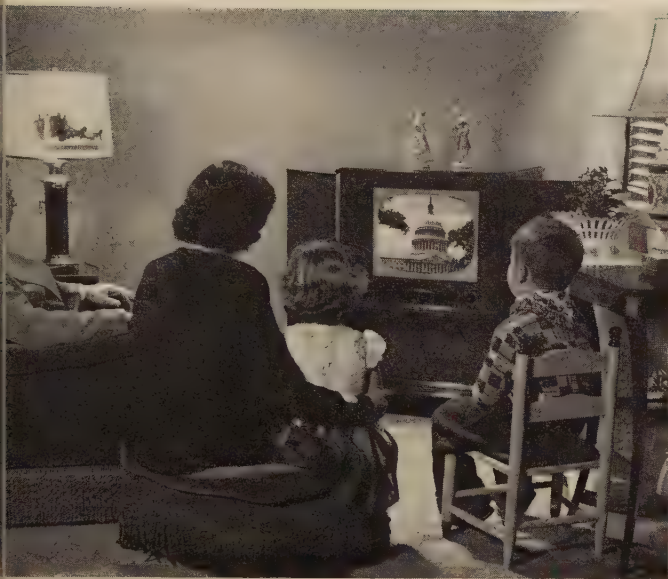
"Mother wants you, too. She's just busy now and . . ."

(Continued on page 40.)



Are You Really Glad You Have

Television



Is this what you expected when
you got your television set?

I AM SURE that more than once since this modern miracle came into our homes every Christian parent has asked himself, "Am I really glad we have television in our home?" For here is a new influence which must be reckoned with by Christian parents. It presents a real challenge to them to know how most wisely to guide its use.

The Wood family bought their television set at the very end of the summer. Fourteen-year-old Catherine, nine-year-old Jimmy, and six-year-old Marjorie were home all day. It was natural, perhaps, that this new toy should be overworked at first. As soon as they finished breakfast the children ran to the living room to turn on the set. They were keenly disappointed to find that they could get only station signals in the morning. They looked in the paper for the television schedule. There was a movie in the early afternoon. "Hollywood Playhouse," it was called. Rather reluctantly they went out to play. But at the scheduled hour they were back. Of course, the movie was just an old-time Western, and not too clear, but to the three Wood children, who had always had to enjoy someone else's television, it was wonderful now to have television in their own home.

Wise Mother Wood did not try to limit the use of the television set too much those first few days.

If you find it's television vs. bedtime

schedules, homework and family harmony,

or wholesome entertainment vs. harmful,

then you may get some good ideas from . . .

MARGARET S. WARD

But she did keep her ears open and casually dropped in every now and then to see what her children were watching. If the program was obviously inferior, she gave a quiet suggestion, not a command, to turn to another channel to find something better. You see, Mother Wood was very sure that the novelty would soon wear off. Her very active children would tire of sitting still. The jokes of the comedians would not be so funny after a while. The sameness of the cowboy films would become apparent. And, anyway, school would start the very next week and that would automatically limit the time for television.

What Mother Wood expected did actually happen. The second day the television set was on for a shorter time, and by the end of the week the call of the outdoors proved stronger. Television gradually settled down to take its proper place in the family time schedule. The Woods now welcome this new medium for education and entertainment in their home, but they realize they must continuously be active in guiding its use if their children are still to have the Christian influence which they have tried to make basic in their home. They have been gratified to discover that because of their guidance their children still prefer to play outdoors or to pursue some other worth-while indoor activity rather than to watch television.

WHAT ARE some of the advantages of television? Just think of the variety of entertainment every family can now have at no expense beyond the initial cost and upkeep of their set—movies, comedy shows, puppet shows, animated cartoons, quiz programs, serious plays, sports, and music of all kinds.

There are many excellent educational features, too: pictorial news, nature programs, sessions of the United Nations, other world happenings. One parent remarked that in her mind their television

set had paid for itself when it was possible to sit in her own living room and watch and hear the Kefauver crime hearings, sessions of the United Nations, and General MacArthur's speech before the joint session of Congress.

Another advantage is that television can be a means of keeping the family together, and anything that helps to strengthen family unity by providing wholesome entertainment and enjoyment for the family is worth while.

BUT THERE are also many disadvantages to television. Television can be a tremendous waste of time if not wisely used. In the Adams' home, for example, the set is left on all day, just as the radio used to be. There is no attempt made to select programs. The Adams children can watch the cheapest comedy, the most mature drama, and the most horrifying mystery plays, as well as pictorial commercials which make liquor drinking and cigarette smoking attractive with all the degrading elements that sight now adds to sound!

Eyestrain and lack of exercise are other results which make no contribution to growing children. Besides, television may become a substitute for active participation in games and sports and in other worth-while activities.

When the Wood family bought their television set they did not know much about the types of programs offered. They had seen "Super Circus," cowboy films, wrestling matches, and the roller-skating derby when visiting in friends' homes, but they were sure they could find something better. The first few weeks they tried to get acquainted with what was offered; then they gradually sifted out inferior programs and kept what was most worth while.

IT SOON became evident that certain rules were necessary if everyone in the Wood family was to get the maximum amount of enjoyment from television. Their set had had to be placed in the living room where they had their piano. Since Catherine and Marjorie both took piano lessons, they decided to practice after breakfast and after school, to leave the early evening free for television.

Another rule the Woods agreed upon was: "All homework before television." Father and Mother were overjoyed to find that spare minutes formerly wasted were now utilized doing homework, and that there was usually less fooling in getting started.

Bedtime and mealtime were kept sacred. The dinner table is often the only place where the modern family can be together. It is the time for the family to share their joys and problems, not to watch television between mouthfuls. Where regular bedtime hours have already become a habit, children more readily cooperate about television programs. From the first the Woods were firm about the bedtime rules, allowing exceptions only for very special programs or on Friday nights. It helped if everyone agreed before a new program started just when they were to go to bed. Sometimes the younger children preferred not to start the program if they could not see it all, or they willingly went to bed when only half the program was over.

Cowboy-loving Jimmy wanted to see every cowboy film that came along, and Mother Wood soon discovered that that was too many! Hence a rule limiting Jimmy to

Men and Machines

Machines are not invincible—

Men make them—

Men can break them

Since they are master—

Break and destroy what they have built,

Spread into ruin the products of their minds;

Then rise triumphant from a flame self-kindled

To a greater height,

Guarding the spark

That burns within their breasts

That makes them greater than their own machines.

HELEN HOWLAND PROMMEL

one cowboy picture a day, or three or four a week. Jimmy was always given the opportunity to choose between "The Lone Ranger," "The Gene Autry Show," or "Frontier Playhouse." Later, Mother or Father Wood watched some of the cowboy films with him and quietly pointed out to Jimmy how they followed a set pattern. For example, one could always count on so many gun fights, but the hero would always come out on top! This method was used, with the hope that gradually Jimmy would outgrow his love for this form of entertainment, just as he and his sisters had earlier come to tire of too many comic books.

To help combat this cowboy craze, the Woods also made another rule: "See something worth while each day." And so they sought out the educational programs and sat together as a family to learn about snakes and apes on "Zoo Parade" from Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo; to marvel at the father stickleback fish building its nest under the water, on "Kieran's Kaleidoscope"; to take imaginary trips to real places on "Let's Go"; to see a ten-minute travelogue sponsored by an automobile club, or to enjoy the dramatized real-life adventure stories of "The Gabby Hayes Show."

Another rule had to do with give and take. It was a valuable lesson for teen-age Marjorie to be patient while her younger brother and sister enjoyed their puppet show before bedtime, knowing full well that she could stay up later to see the play, "The Man Without a Country," which she had been reading in school. And baseball-loving Father Wood had to learn to sacrifice graciously part of his favorite baseball game while his children learned about the zoo animals.

If the family has a bulletin board, one of the older children can type and post a list of their rules for television, and another can make a schedule of the programs they like best. Of course, no family wishes to become a slave to any television program, no matter how good. They should always welcome the monthly Cub

He wonders what she finds to do
To occupy her all day through;
With only laundry, beds to make,
The dishes, meals, and cakes to bake;
The baby's needs, and, as a rule,
The children tidied up for school;
A little sewing, darning, too:
What does a housewife find to do?
He envies her, her easy life—
So speaks the husband to the wife.

But what she'd really like to know
Is what is it that tires him so?
For though his job may be no song,
At least it's one, the whole day long
And not a million things to nag;
No wonder that she looks a hag!
She envies him his easy life—
So, to the husband, speaks the wife.
But wouldn't each have less to say
If they changed places—just one day?

INA S. STOVALL

Scout-Pack meeting which will take them away from "The Lone Ranger," or politely and graciously turn off their set in the middle of a good program when friends come in for a visit.

Summer and winter television programs vary. Each community will have its own special one. Even weekly programs will vary in value. The following programs are listed as having been found to be the most enjoyable and worth while by the Wood family:

1. *Children's programs*—
"Kukla, Fran and Ollie" (puppets)
"Big Top" (circus acts)
"The Magic Lady"
"Junior Hi-Jinx" ("Willie the Worm" and cartoons)
"The Gabby Hayes Show" (true adventure stories)
2. *Nature programs*—
"Zoo Parade"
"Kieran's Kaleidoscope"
3. *Music*—
"The Firestone Hour"

- "Great Music"
"The Fred Waring Show"
4. *Sports*—
Baseball, basketball, football games
 5. *Social studies*—
"Television Newsreel"
"What's the Weather?"
"March of Time"
"Meet the Press"
United Nations sessions
Special world events
 6. *Miscellaneous*—
"Aldrich Family" (teen-age family situations)
"Trouble with Father"
"Twenty Questions" (quiz program)
"Paul Whiteman Teen Club" (teen-age talent)
 7. *Plays (teen-age and adults only)*
"Studio One"
"Philco Television Playhouse"
"Kraft Television Theater"
"Pulitzer Prize Playhouse"

Introducing . . .

Dr. George W

Family Counselor

*Here is advice on what to do
when many tasks confront
you, and on how to train
children if you have their
future happiness in mind*

*Take Victor Hugo's advice if
you ever feel swamped with
work, yet find that you are frit-
tering your time away while
others appear to be accomplish-
ing so much more in life.*

Question (from Jenny L., aged 26, an attractive housewife): "Dr. Crane, sometimes I feel that I am very incompetent," she began with a rueful smile.

"For I am often swamped with work, what with having two

youngsters not yet of school age, and a lawyer for a husband. It seems to me that I don't accomplish half the things I ought to be doing.

"There is a woman in my church, however, who is a very dynamo of energy and vitality. She does everything. But I always go to bed at night with a dozen things undone which I had hoped to accomplish that day.

"Dr. Crane, do other people have this frustrated feeling and grow irritated because they think they aren't living up to their talents or capacities?"

LIST YOUR TASKS

Answer: Yes, this is one of the most common complaints of intelligent human beings. And the more you train yourself to do things, the greater is your irritation thereafter when a day passes without some outstanding accomplishment.

One of the best methods for making the most of your opportunities, is to keep a pencil and pad in your kitchen, or on your dressing table.

Then, before you go to bed at night, jot down all the things you wish to complete on the morrow. Don't limit yourself alone to major items, such as doing your family laundry. Put down some of the minor tasks, too. Why?

Because it is good for your morale when you can check off a number of items. If you work all day but cross out only a couple of major tasks, like the ironing, you feel you haven't done much.

BE EFFICIENT

But if you have 8 or 10 items accomplished, even though some consist of doing the breakfast dishes or vacuuming the rugs, it makes you feel like a winner.

And I am not theorizing. This is the method which I employ routinely when I feel I'm getting swamped with work and don't know what to tackle first.

Mrs. Crane does the same, only she scribbles her day's quota on a small blackboard on the kitchen wall.

Victor Hugo gave us much the same advice when he counselled:

"He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows out that plan, carries a thread that will guide him through the labyrinth of the most busy life.

Crane



This is a photographic copy of one of Dr. Crane's principal recommendations for family counselor—his own immediate family. The picture of this Christian family is well worth a pause. A statistical analysis shows: 7 people with happy smiles; 7 with alert, tensionless expressions; 7 with "well adjusted" written on their faces. But you'll want to complete the analysis yourself. Our conclusion? If Dr. Crane (Ph.D. in psychology, and M.D.) and his family take his medicine and advice, we want some, too. And now may we present, from left to right: Daniel, Dr. Crane, Philip, Mrs. Crane, George, Judy and David.

WHAT IS A FULL QUOTA?

If you are like me, you'll prefer to do your planning the night before. And don't feel upset if you assign yourself a bigger quota than you accomplish. I rarely can check off all the things I think I'll get done on the morrow.

So I just carry the uncompleted items over at the head of my list for the following day.

Jenny is doing a big job in running a home and caring for her youngsters. That is literally a career in itself.

If she sends them off to school and to Sunday school, and can attend one meeting of her club or church per week, plus having at least one outside date each week with her husband, she has a full schedule.

But it will increase her efficiency to make a daily or weekly agenda (list) of her tasks.

Moreover, when she looks back each month at her old lists, she'll be agreeably surprised at all she has accomplished.

Brain truster education isn't satisfactory. It lacks "horse sense." For example, you can never learn to swim just by reading books on the subject. You must finally get into the water. So it is with social poise. You must go out among people until you get over your terror of them.

Question (concerning Flora B., aged 19, who is in a dangerous condition): "Dr. Crane, Flora graduated from high school last spring with honors," her father told me in our conference.

"But she never entered into social activities, although the teachers encouraged her to do so. She is excessively shy and quiet. She just can't seem to adapt herself to other people.

"Recently she obtained a secretarial position. But she worked only one day and then refused to go back. We pleaded and coaxed, until finally she tried it again,

but lasted only two more days.

"Her employer was well pleased with her work, and wished her to continue. He couldn't figure out why she let this job defeat her, for she has ability and is attractive looking.

"Dr. Crane, we are afraid she will never venture forth again. What can we do to help her build confidence in herself?"

EMOTIONAL INFANTS

Answer: This is rather late in Flora's life for her parents to start building social assurance and self-reliance in their "only" child.

I wish you other parents of "only" children would take a lesson from today's case. Flora had no brothers or sisters. Her father was a successful businessman. Her mother was active in social and civic affairs. Both were rather dominant personalities.

(Continued on page 45.)



It's easy to see that this car and couple are a bit old-fashioned. But how can you tell when a rule of conduct is just as far behind the times?

Sure, you want to be

a jet-propelled Atomic-Ager.

But you're also interested in happy landings.

Then slip into low gear before you change

your rules for moral conduct, and

get down to practical absolutes

◆ **Hi, Joe! Watcha know?**
Morals?

Don't talk morals to me. That's
Old-Fashioned!
They went out with the Model-T Ford
And Aunt Gussie's bustle.

◆ **Now, Sam? Izzat so?**
Gone Goslins?

Watcha gonna use in their place?
Nothin' at all! Oh! New set of
Morals, Huh? With snap and hustle?

◆ **Free and easy, Joe, that's for me.**
Make up my morals just as I see.
No trouble at all. Just swing with the breeze.
Do what comes easy. Just do as you please!

▲ Excuse me, Friends. Just happened to overhear
your conversation. Reminded me so much of a
guy Jesus told about. Said one night to himself,
"Soul, take thine ease. Eat, drink and be merry."
But God said to him, "Thou fool, this night shall
thy soul be required of thee!" That's the tough
one to get around in morals. Reminds me of an-
other bit of scripture over in Galatians: "Be not
deceived. God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man
sows, that shall be also reap."

No, Sam, this I know

Sure and certain—

You can't read God out of human affairs.
And as long as he's there, your moral code
better have plenty of muscle.

◆ **Now listen, Mister, I been around.** I've taken
sociology and psychology and history and all
that stuff. And I know that morals aren't all they're
cracked up to be. I know that moral codes change.

▲ Oh, that! Now, Sam, I thought we were beyond
that. You and Joe and I ought to see what we
agree on. We don't have any illusions about our

a COD

MORALS

TEEN-AGERS

◆ *How do you know when you're on the right track when you try to work out your own moral code? What do you use out of the old ones? How are you going to make up your mind about whether a particular rule is out of date or still on the beam?*

▲ Nice going, Joe. You put your finger right on the crux of the whole problem. Now, as Christians, you and Sam and I have an answer to this. The funny part of it is that the stuff Sam was saying right at first when he was cracking wise, is awfully close to the Christian truth. You do make up your own morals as you go along and you do do just as you please—providing, Sam—PROVIDING you always remember the other fellow and the effect your decisions and actions will have on him.

Here's the first Christian principle in making morals. It's straight from Paul's letter to the Romans:

"I know and am persuaded in the Lord Jesus Christ that nothing is unclean in itself."

That's the first thing to remember. Nothing in life is good or bad of itself. Alcohol, dancing, sex, narcotics, dominoes, marriage, friendship, boiled cabbage, poker, books, not even spinach is bad—or good—in itself.

What makes these things good or bad? It's the use one makes of them that counts. Alcohol is a fine antifreeze, but a bum beverage. Narcotics, good when prescribed by a physician, but dangerous when used by a drug addict. Books have all sorts of values if one sees them as preludes to, or accompaniments of, action—cookbooks, chemistry books, books on ethics, etc. Books, however, may be very dangerous when they become substitutes for life—comic books, romantic novels, etc.

Especially important, says the Christian, is the effect our use of anything has upon the lives of other people.

Here's the Apostle Paul again: "Everything is indeed clean, but it is wrong for anyone to make others fall by what he eats; it is right not to eat meat or drink wine or do anything that makes your brother stumble." (Romans 14:20-21.) This, Joe, is the second great Christian principle.

The third one which is the conclusion of the matter is also from Paul's Roman letter (14:19) and reads, "Let us then pursue what makes for peace and for mutual upbuilding."

◆ *But if what you say is true, Mister, every time we come up against a problem we'd have to sit down and decide what effect our action might have upon ourselves and other people. We'd have to look at our inherited moral codes and say, "Are the conditions that made this rule right ten centuries ago still in existence or have times changed so that we need a new rule for our moral code?"*

moral codes—any of us. We know they're not perfect. We know they vary from society to society. We know they change from generation to generation. We don't believe they represent the ultimate in standards of right and wrong! They are not God's laws in the sense that they represent absolutes that are the same for all people in all ages. They are only approximations of God's law. They are true only in the sense that they are the best insights we have in relation to human conduct at the present time. We all three know that. But—

The same has to be said about scientific laws, or about the road maps that we use when we go on trips. They, too, are only approximations of truth. But they are the best we have. And only a fool would refuse to use the best that he had.

Sure, Joe, all I claim about morals is that they give us the best information we have about how human beings should act—precious information, squeezed out of thousands of years of the experience of the human race with God.

Actually, of course, each generation must work out its own moral code or else we would come no closer than our fathers in knowing God's will. Moreover, each one of us, in each generation, must work out his own personal moral code because the experience of no two people is exactly the same. This, of course, does not mean junking our moral codes, it means streamlining and improving and individualizing them.

◆ *But wait a second, Mister!*

▲ Yes, Joe?

■ “Right, Joe, in a sense. But don’t forget that there is enough similarity in many situations that for all practical purposes, they are the same. For that reason, once we have made up our minds on certain issues, we don’t have to go through the whole process again. We can act on our original decision as though it were absolutely right—always, of course, holding the privilege of rethinking our decision if new information comes to us.

But you, Sam, and you, Joe, remember this—Never break a practical absolute or moral decision on the spur of the moment. Until you have thought it through and decided that God wills it to be best for you and for other people to change, stick tight

to your moral practical absolutes. Here’s where a lot of people go astray in morals. They change their actions without changing their minds. They break their moral code rather than rethinking it. So doing, they get into trouble.

Well, we can’t talk morals all day. We’ve got to live ’em. In other words, we need to make some decisions in the form of practical absolutes. May I give you a list of practical absolutes I’ve worked out for myself for this day and age? Read them and see what you think. How would you improve them to bring them more in line with God’s will and other people’s welfare?

A CODE OF MORALS FOR TEEN-AGERS △ △ △

△ △ △ *Practical Absolutes for This Day and Age*

1. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.

2. Thou shalt testify for the Lord, come rain or shine, every Sunday morning with thy prayerful presence in thine appointed place of worship.

3. Thou shalt remember that thy body is a temple of God’s spirit and thou shalt treat it accordingly.

4. Thou shalt remember that thy mind is an instrument of God’s, loaned to thee for thy use but to be dedicated to his purposes.

5. Thou shalt not deal in double talk when truth is called for.

6. Thou shalt remember that to take a bribe is to lie in the presence of God. Thou shalt prefer failure to cheating on examinations.

7. Thou shalt remember that cheating is dishonesty, no matter how many people do it.

8. Thou shalt say, “Make mine a coke,” when liquor is being served.

9. Thou shalt stand like a tree against the storm in the presence of racial or religious intolerance.

10. Thy mind and thy heart shalt be the mortuary and graveyard for rumors, gossip and ugly stories about other people.

11. Thou shalt not be prudish, nor shalt thou be scummy-minded.

12. Thou shalt hold marriage as a sacred fellowship, binding a man and woman together in the bonds of God’s love.

12. Thou shalt never cheapen sex relations by allowing them to express anything but thy deepest love, and thou shalt face the fact honestly that petting is part of the sex relationship.

14. Thou shalt respect thy parents, not because they are perfect, but because of their love for thee.

15. Thou shalt never break a promise or disappoint anyone who trusts in thee.

16. Thou shalt be gentle and considerate and understanding with the aged and the lonely, the ill and the handicapped, the hungry and the untutored.

The

Memories

They

Leave



By LUCILE W. LOVELL

*Because our schools do
not offer courses for
expectant grandparents,
if you are, or ever
expect to be,
a grandparent, you may
need some coaching*

GRANDPARENTS come and grandparents go, but all grandparents live on in the memory and hearts of their children. The kind of memories they will leave rests with the grandparents themselves, especially when they live with one of their children. Then, whether they mar the happiness or increase the blessedness felt in that home is determined in part by the efforts they expend in adjusting themselves to the relationships they find there.

Sometimes the situation in which they find themselves has been thrust upon them willy-nilly; at other times they have sought it with a glad smile and welcoming arms. In either case, it is fraught with significance, and sometimes with danger lest the delicate balance in the existing relationships be upset.

Psychology includes the study of human relationships, and very sound principles of psychology are involved in the study of those that exist between grandparent, parent and child. By the law of nature, every grandparent has at some time been a parent, perhaps a parent who, in relationship with a grandparent, often wished to tell the latter "a thing or two" when unwanted and unasked-for advice had been forthcoming. A grandparent should therefore remember to give advice only when it is asked for, and then by suggestion rather than with dictatorial words.

How many, many times in the stress of caring for a family does a mother need a period of relaxation and quietude! It is then that a grandparent can do a bit of

Christian living and Christian giving by using his or her time and ability to care for the third generation, or unobtrusively to assist in household tasks or sewing.

Even yard work can be a joy when we realize that God causes his sun to shine on every growing plant, be it weed or flower. Communion with the Infinite in a vegetable garden can prepare one for the activities of the day. When the "small fry" want to assist in the pulling of weeds just to be doing something a beloved adult is doing, the grandparent (be he Granddad, Big Dad, Grandpa, or Grandfather, and be she Nana, Big Mom, Gramma, or Grandmother) has a valuable opportunity to give a nature lesson. Children can soon learn the names of the various parts of a flower or plant and enjoy imparting that knowledge to others, especially to Mommy and Daddy.

When a child becomes interested in the use of colors and longs to express himself by drawing a tree, a house, or a beloved toy, an adult should praise his efforts, even though the results may be some-

what inaccurate in form and color. If a child is allowed self-expression through such media, many a tantrum can be avoided, especially if he often shows frustration. It is his small being, trying to be an adult and not reaching the goal, that will sometimes need a guiding hand or word, not in criticism but in constructive aid. Here a grandparent can do much, but he should not intrude himself upon the child until his presence is requested. For the time being, while the child is creating, he is mentally in another world and is unconscious of his immediate surroundings.

When four-year-old Dickie proudly presents a drawing he has made and says, "See—this tree has two footses," and the picture shows what seems to be two tree trunks with green tops growing very close together, a wise adult gives praise to the child for trying to express an idea in color. To correct his grammar at this point would detract from his joy in his picture (his method of self-expression). Perhaps he is drawing one tree with two trunks. He has been told that grass grows at the foot of the tree, so he has been very generous and given it "two footses."

For a grandparent to praise the drawing and mention the grammatical error only incidentally, if

at all, will encourage the child, for he will believe the grandparent is interested in his activities. A child needs that feeling of approval. Next there may come an invitation for the grandparent to play ball or go to a ball game with him. Thus, a grandparent can assist the parent and amuse the child as well as himself by becoming interested in and by engaging in games and other activities.

GRANDPARENTS should remember there are certain dates and observances that belong strictly to parents and their children. Easter is one of them, with the coloring of eggs and hunting of Easter baskets.

It is Mommy to whom the children should be allowed to look for all birthday cakes, even though the grandmother may have more time and may make as good a cake. When the grandparents are invited to share in the festivities, they should strive to remember always that it is the young parents' plan and home that must first be considered.

The family relationship established by fun during the holidays should be the close one of parents and children, and such relationship should not be disturbed by others, no matter how much the older generation should desire to participate.

In the matter of choosing the religion and the church they wish to make a part of the lives, young parents should never be made to feel they are having to make a certain decision just because the elders wish it. Our forefathers came to this country for freedom of worship, and that principle should be remembered by grandparents if, perchance, a choice is made that is different from what they wish.

In some homes where it is necessary for three generations to live under one roof, congeniality must be the watchword for all. Each generation has its own interpretation of what reaction will follow a certain course of procedure, and it is sometimes hard for an older person to sit by and see what he thinks will be an error in judgment. But if he remembers that the greatness of our country is predicated upon the thought that we grow through adversity and through seeking a new way for better things, he will realize that there is a place in the world for new ideas and that his grandchildren are living in a different world from the one in which he spent his youth. They must face problems in a very realistic manner. Their solution may be superior to his own.

TEEN-AGE youngsters living in a household with those who have reached their three score years and ten present a challenge to all three generations. If the teen-agers and the grandparent are of the same sex, the challenge is easier to meet and the problems easier to solve. But if they are of the opposite sex, a real effort must be made to reach a common meeting ground. They should all keep informed on world affairs, and the older persons should try to learn about the things that are especially interesting to youth. An elder member of a family can give the others the benefit of the wisdom he has obtained through reading and enlightened conversation. But he should convey his ideas only in chance remarks. Never should he be guilty of giving an oration on the follies of the younger generation.

(Continued on page 40.)

Note to My Grandchildren

Don't call me "old" when I can thrill

To the yellow of a daffodil.

Each unseen wind that faintly blows

Takes me along. A scarlet rose

Will stop me, breathless, on the path.

I nightly brave the first star's wrath

By claiming it for mine. My dears,

Thoughts are not hampered by the years!

RAY ROMINE

*When a child is sick,
a physician's knowledge and
skill are needed to cure the
illness, but only a mother's
patience, ingenuity and
knowledge can insure a . . .*

Happy Convalescence



By JESSIE KENYON

SCARLET fever," said the old doctor, tacking the big square of red cardboard on my front door. And down went my heart into my shoes, for I knew I would have to be at home for at least thirty days. Illness in any home disrupts the routine of living and upsets schedules, and particularly is this true in case of a contagious disease.

Although no time of the year is entirely exempt from epidemics of childhood diseases, springtime seems to have more than any of the other seasons. Perhaps it is especially bad because it is then that the children are tired and a little run down after a winter's confinement in schoolrooms and warmly heated houses. But whatever the causes, it is a time when a mother must devote large portions of her time and energy to nursing sick and convalescent children.

The first week she is kept busy with preparing for the doctor's visits, carrying out his orders, preventing the spread of the contagion, and keeping the rest of the family contented. After the danger is past, there comes an exceedingly trying time when the small invalid must remain in bed, gathering strength. And it is during this period that he must be kept happy and content until he can again take his place in the family circle.

Entertaining any convalescent requires patience and ingenuity, particularly so when the victim is a small child recovering from a contagious disease. For then, if the spread of the malady is to be prevented,

he is deprived of his best-loved toys and can handle only such things as may afterward be burned or boiled for disinfection. There are several books published on this subject, but they are usually out of reach when needed. After battling chicken pox, measles (assorted), mumps, whooping cough and scarlet fever, I've made some discoveries that may help other mothers over the hump.

For entertaining the young convalescent, a working surface should first be provided. Using "My Lady's Breakfast Tray" as a design, I selected a piece of smooth board about twelve inches wide and two feet long, and nailed short legs on either end. When the patient is propped up among the pillows, this table fits across his knees. Here he can spread his materials and work without undue strain.

(Continued on page 28.)

This Is the Way We Did It . . .

Hearthstone would like to hear from its readers regarding the way they have handled certain problems and situations which have come up in their families. Write-ups should be limited to 500 words or less. Contributions which are accepted will be paid for at regular rates. Only those articles will be returned which carry return postage. Here is the chance for our readers to write!

When Jesus Was a Little Boy

Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and man.—Luke 2:52. (P; J)¹

Jesus Grew ^(N)

Jesus grew and grew and grew,
Just as all the children do,
He's the friend that children know,
And like him we want to grow.²

—ORPHA MCCALLUM



When Jesus Was Little ^(P)

When Jesus was little
I wonder if he
Liked to run and play games
And such things, like me.
I wonder if he
Had a dog for a pet,
And had to do chores
That he'd like to forget.
I wonder if he
Liked to work with his dad,
And build and make things
When he was a lad.
I wonder if his mom
Baked cookies like mine,
And helped with his lessons,
And said, "Son, that's fine!"
I think when Jesus
Was little like me,
He was exactly
Like I want to be.

—LEWELLYN COWAN

Read: "How Jesus Grew," PPB, 33. (P)

Once There Was a Little Boy, by Dorothy Kunhardt. (P)

Tell Me About Jesus, by Mary Alice Jones. (P)

Sing: "Long Years Ago," MBL, No. 66. (K)

"Tell Me the Stories," CW, 214. (P)

Prayer

We are glad for Jesus. Thank you, God. (N)

Second Week

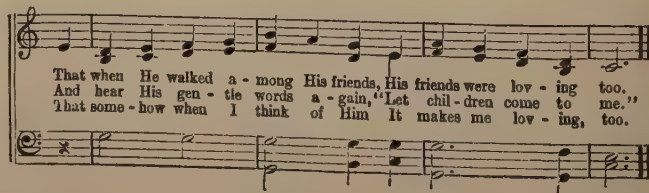
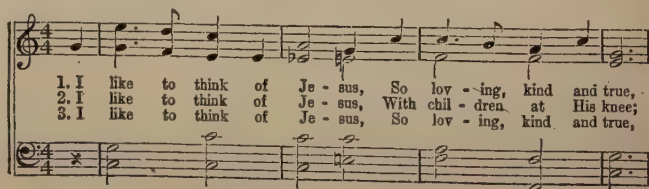
When Jesus Was a Man

Then Jesus came on the scene from Galilee, to get baptized by John at the Jordan. John tried to prevent him; "I need to get baptized by you," he said, "and you come to me!" But Jesus answered him, "Come now, this is how we should fulfil all our duty to God." Then John gave in to him.—Matthew 3:13-15. (Moffatt) (J)

I Like to Think of Jesus ¹ (K)

ELIZABETH MCE. SHIELDS

ELIZABETH MCE. SHIELDS



Read: "An Afternoon with Jesus," MBL, No. 24. (K)

"A Welcome to Jesus," MBL, No. 25. (K)

Sing: "A Master Workman," CW, No. 210.

Prayer

Thank you, God, for Jesus. Help us to be good followers of Christ. Amen. (J)

¹Abbreviations used: N—Nursery (3-year-olds); P—Primary (6-8 years); K—Kindergarten (4-5 years); J—Junior (9-11 years); CW—Christian Worship; MBL—My Bible Leaflet; PPB—Primary Pupil's Book.

²From *Learning in the Nursery Class*, 248.

³Copyright, Presbyterian Board of Christian Education. Poem from *When the Little Child Wants to Sing*. Words set to music for Kindergarten Activity Packet of the Christian Faith and Life program, 1951-52. Used by permission.

Jesus, Friend of All

"One must help the weak, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"—Acts 20:35. (J)

Fairest Lord Jesus^(J)

Fairest Lord Jesus, Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son,
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's Glory, Joy, and Crown.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host:
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

—Crusader's Hymn, 17th century

Read: "A Happy Day," MBL, No. 26. (K)
Have a picture study: "The Lord of Joy," PPB, 33.
(P)

Prayer

Dear God, we are glad to hear the stories of how Jesus was kind and loving, and a friend to everyone. Help us to be kind and friendly too. Amen. (K)

Fifth Week

Followers of Jesus

"Go therefore and make disciples of all nations."
—Matthew 28:19. (J)

Jesus Wants Us All to Be

Jesus wants us all to be
Kind to everyone we see
Sharing in our work and play
Growing stronger every day.¹

—ORPHA McCALLUM

Read: "Jesus Chooses Friends to Help Him," MBL, No. 23. (K)
"The Vision of Sir Launfal," by James Russell Lowell. (J)
"I Would Follow Jesus," PPB, 2nd yr., p. 35. (P)
Sing: "Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun," CW, 527. (J)

Prayer

We are glad for Jesus. Thank you, God. (N)

Young Children

for March "Jesus"

Third Week

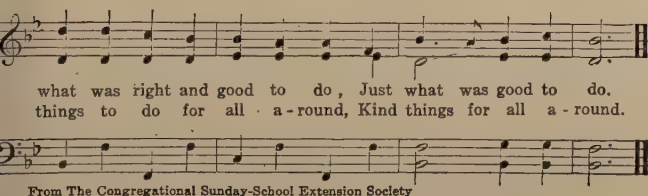
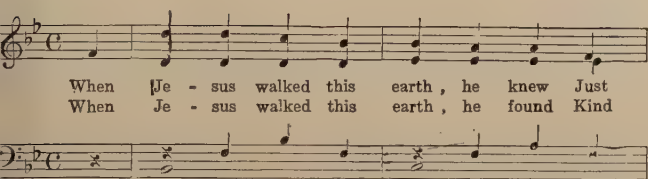
Jesus Went About Doing Good

Jesus . . . went about doing good.—Acts 10:38. (K)

When Jesus Walked This Earth¹ (K)

VERNA HILL

G. W. C.



From The Congregational Sunday-School Extension Society

Read: "Jesus Brings Joy to a Lonely Man," PPB, 39. (P)

Prayer

Dear God, help us to find good and helpful things to do. We know that we show our love for you and for Jesus when we do loving things for others. Amen. (P)

¹From Congregational Sunday School Society. Used by permission.

¹From Learning in the Nursery Class.

Can't I Help?

WHEN Mrs. Perky Robin first started to build her nest of sticks and grass and mud she was a very snooty robin. She didn't like it when a small gray field mouse watched her weaving the bits of string into her new home. She was so snooty she didn't even ask him his name. Then she noticed that the field mouse lived right below her nest. His house was made of a pile of dry oak leaves and some sticks.

"Why don't you go some other place to make your home?" she asked in her snooty voice.

"I found this place some time ago," the field mouse answered. "Besides, I'll not bother you a bit. I might even help you some day."

"You—a field mouse—help me?" Mrs. Perky sounded unbelieving. "Don't be silly! I don't need any help from you!" Away she flew to the top of the oak tree.

Days passed. Mrs. Perky's nest was finished. She laid four little blue eggs in it and sat on them to keep them warm. More days passed. Busy days for Mrs. Perky. Lonely days for the field mouse who wanted to be friendly. Three weeks went by and the baby robins hatched out from the eggs.

"I could show you a fine place to get worms for your babies," the field mouse offered.

"Will you please stop bothering me?" Mrs. Perky scolded. "I can find all the worms I want!" She

flew into the deep woods. Poor little field mouse. He was so lonesome. He snuggled down in the leaves of his house and tried to sleep.

But he wasn't very sleepy. So he kept real still and tried to think of a new way to make friends with Mrs. Perky. Soon he heard a strange noise.

"I wonder what that noise can be," he said to himself. He listened again. He stuck his head out of the leaves and looked around.

There climbing up the tree trunk toward the robin's nest was a brown weasel—sneaking . . . sneaking . . . sneaking, closer and closer. On up it went and out onto the limb where the nest was. Right then and there the field mouse decided what to do. Quickly he scampered up the tree trunk. He followed right behind the weasel. By then the weasel was looking in the nest, his greedy eyes on the helpless robin babies.

The mouse raced to the weasel's tail and bit it as hard as he could. Just then Mrs. Perky returned with another worm. The weasel twisted and squirmed away from the mouse and dropped to the ground. Away he hurried.

"Oh, thank you, friend mouse!" Mrs. Perky said after she gave the worm to one of her frightened babies. "If it hadn't been for you, my babies would have been harmed. How can I ever repay you?"

"All I want is just to be friends," said the mouse.

"If we are going to be friends, I would like to know your name. What is it?"

"I'm Scamper, the field mouse."

"Well, Scamper, some day I will do something nice for you. Just you wait and see!"

The summer passed. It seemed that there wasn't going to be a chance for Mrs. Perky to do anything nice for Scamper. Soon the Robin family would be going away. They always flew south for the winter.

"I wish I could go south too," thought Scamper. But he knew it was too far to walk. He was worried. He didn't know yet where he was going to sleep in the cold months of winter.

The warm days changed to brisk snappy ones. It was autumn. The leaves changed from green to red-gold and orange. One day Mrs. Perky called on Scamper.

"We're starting south tomorrow," she said. "I want you to use my nest for your winter home. Come with me and I'll show you how."

Scamper followed her up to her nest.

"See, Scamper," she explained, "as soon as the leaves fall, you can cover my nest with some big oak leaves and a piece or two of birch bark. Then when the snow falls this winter, its soft blanket will cover the little house, roof and all—and you will be snug and warm inside. You can sleep and sleep until spring comes again."

"Thanks, Mrs. Perky," Scamper said gratefully. "and when you come back next spring, we can be friends again."

A Story by
GRACE V. SCHILLINGER

The Kite that wouldn't Play

Blue Kite soared up in the air

*with the clouds. There he could
see far and wide. But Blue Kite*

*tried to do something he had not
done before, and . . . Oh, my!*

BLUE KITE pulled and tugged at his string. "I don't want to play with Johnnie," Blue Kite thought. "I don't want to have that string tied to me."

Down on the grass in the field Johnnie tugged and pulled at the kite string. "Whew! I never had a kite that wanted to get away as much as blue kite," the little boy panted. "I can hardly keep hold of his string."

Jimmy's red kite and Rob's white kite bobbed and flew beautifully at the ends of their strings. They tugged just enough to make flying them a good game.

"Pooh! That's no fun," Blue Kite said. "I don't want to play nicely. I don't care about playing with little boys and well-behaved kites. I'm going to run off—and have fun by myself."

Then Blue Kite gave an extra hard tug at his string. Snap! The string broke.

"See! See! I'm free! I'm free!" Blue Kite laughed. And off he sailed to have fun by himself.

"Hey, wait! I want to play tag with you," Blue Kite called to West Wind.

But West Wind was in too much of a hurry to stop to play tag.

"Hey, wait! I'll play hide-and-seek with you," Blue Kite shouted at White Cloud.

But White Cloud was too lazy to play hide-and-seek. It sailed lazily away.

"Hey, wait! I'll play hop-scotch with you," Blue Kite called to Rainbow, who was standing quietly at the end of the field.

But Rainbow was busy painting colors against the sky. He did not answer.

"Dear me! Doesn't anybody up here want to play with me?" Blue Kite said. He began to feel very lonely.

"Maybe I'd better go back and play with Johnnie. He wanted to play with me," Blue Kite thought after a while. "He liked me. He didn't run away from me."

Blue Kite looked down. Johnnie and the other little boys and the well-behaved red kite and white kite were a long way off.

"Oh, dear! Can I get down there without breaking my sticks?" Blue Kite wondered.

It began fluttering toward the field. With no string to guide it, the trip was far too quick.

Flop! Suddenly Blue Kite fell on the grass so hard that he broke one of his sticks with a snap.

Johnnie ran to pick it up. "Oh, dear! The blue kite is broken," Johnnie cried. "But I'll take it home and mend it."

"That's very nice of Johnnie," Blue Kite told himself. "Next time he asks me to play with him, I'll be a well-behaved kite. I'll never run away from my friend Johnnie again."

A Story by

ELEANOR HAMMOND

Happy Convalescence

(From page 23.)

A discarded mail-order catalogue constitutes an invaluable source of play materials. With pictures from its pages we made and furnished several "houses." We used squares of cardboard for each room and cut out pieces of furniture and pasted them in position after we had colored them with bits of crayons. We also played store with pictures of articles cut from the catalogue, and we paid for the goods we purchased with "money" cut from cardboard and covered with tin foil.

Silhouettes were roughly cut from dark paper in designs suitable for the season and pasted lightly against the windowpanes. Jack-o'-lanterns, witches and cats for October; Christmas trees, stockings, and bells for December; flowers, birds, animals, etc., for spring and summer.

We made cardboard chairs and tables and cut paper dolls to fit them. We cut strings of dancing dolls and drew faces on them. We made yards of colored paper chains and draped them around the room. Novelty and stationery stores carry packages of assorted colored papers, but if none are available, cut off the narrow border of magazines, newspapers, catalogues.

A battered assortment of little lead automobiles, airplanes, soldiers, etc., held encampment among the hills and valleys of Counterpane Land. We made signposts of match sticks, erected on disks of cardboard, held in place with a drop of wax, with crossarms of gummed paper. The edge of an envelope will do nicely.

Don't forget that all the automobiles will need license plates of the gummed paper! The small metal toys are invaluable inasmuch as they are light and easy to handle and can be boiled for disinfection, although the paint will probably come off. But why worry about that?

In cases of measles, where the eyes require protection from the light, a strip of colored cellophane may be cut to fit across the child's little face and may be held in place with bits of adhesive tape at the temples. It is unbreakable and offers more complete protection than glasses, which are difficult to obtain in small sizes. Changing the color of the cellophane adds variety. (This is also an excellent way to prevent the glare of sunlight on land or water when traveling through the country during vacation.)

All of this material costs little or nothing, and is to be found in any household. When danger of infection is over, the paper or cellophane articles can be burned.

With these suggestions as a nucleus for his entertainment, with stories to read aloud, and with naps and trays, any child can weather the period of convalescence, and afterward mother and child will be able to take up their duties with renewed zest, all the better off for the enforced rest and quiet.

*Just as a high I.Q. does not always
mean a child's future success,
so a physically sound body
does not always insure
good health.*

*As parents, you will want to know
more about . . .*

Your Child and H

TEACHING YOUR CHILD to control his emotions can result in his having better physical health, more energy and fewer accidents, if we are to believe recent findings of medical doctors and psychologists.

"Smoldering resentment" may cause muscular aches and pains, according to Dr. Edward Weiss of Philadelphia. Dr. Weiss says that if a strong feeling of aggression or hostility against someone is intermingled with affection or respect, the aches and pains of the life situation are turned into bodily aches and pains. By solving the emotional problems, a person may solve his physical troubles, too.

Emotional conflict is also the most common cause of chronic fatigue. For such conflicts use up energy which is consequently unavailable for other purposes. Energy-measuring machines have verified these facts. Experiments have shown that when a person has been complimented and put into a peaceful frame of mind, his energy decidedly increases. But if he is nagged, burdened with someone else's troubles, or otherwise upset, his energy is decreased for hours.

The Western Electric Company made hundreds of experiments to determine just what makes people work harder. They improve lighting, offered rest periods and in-between snacks, and then meas-

Experiments show that when anyone is complimented and put into a peaceful frame of mind, his energy greatly increases.



motions Health

ured their workers' fatigue. Production increased. But when they took away all these improvements, they found that boosting a person's morale did more for production than anything else had done.

Automobile drivers have been found much less efficient, almost to the point of being traffic hazards, when they harbor a feeling of resentment toward someone with whom they are in close contact daily.

Controlling the emotions, psychologists point out, is only a matter of transferring one's thoughts to something else. That is why doctors the world over suggest hobbies for people with troubles. Uncontrolled negative thinking can ruin a man's life.

All children, in their early years, go through a "no" stage. That is the time to begin to teach your child to control his emotions. Instead of ordering him to eat his supper, go to bed, or do anything you want him to do, make a suggestion that is attractive to him but which leads to the same thing. Put his mind on something else. But never forget the "we" approach.

"We're going to set the table now, Billy," you might remind him. "Would you rather put the shiny knives and forks on the table, or fill the glasses?"

Giving a child a choice of doing one of two things will keep his mind busy thinking of which he wants to do, rather than keeping it set on *not* doing something his parents have told him to do.

Be optimistic in your child's presence, regardless of how you actually feel. This will serve a double purpose, for it will keep your child's thinking process tuned in on the brighter side of life, and it will help keep your own that way too.

If you hold a grudge, you teach your child to do likewise, and grudges serve only to undermine the bearer's potentialities. "Walking off a grudge" is an old recipe that falls right in with present-day findings. Exhaust yourself with a brisk hike, or some other task that demands physical exercise, and you will find that you do not have enough energy left to enable you to carry a grudge too!

Keep your child busy. If he has tired of his toys, or even if he has not, give him something constructive to do, such as making a garden, building a birdhouse, or helping you make a batch of cookies. Busy hands have no time to get into trouble.

Encourage your child to come to you with his problems, but do not insist that he do so. When he does bring his problems to you, consider them carefully with him and help him reach his own satisfactory conclusions. Teach your child to pray. If he learns of God's love and care and feels free to talk to God, he is not likely to nurture unhealthy attitudes.

You will not be able to take over your child's mental problems for the rest of his life, but you can start him off in the right direction. In doing this, you can help him to be better able physically and emotionally to meet the problems he will face both in childhood and throughout his life.



Jeff bent down on one knee for Judy to precede him through the door, saying, "Enter, Lady Van Lard Can."

AS SOON AS the family reached the dinner table that night, Margaret Shannon knew that her husband's proposal for an immediate conversion to adult behavior on the part of their children was off to a poor start.

Jeff, her fourteen-year-old son, pulled out Judy's chair, bowed stiffly from the waist, and said, "Be seated, Lady Muscle-bound."

Ten-year-old Judy, who was at the plump age, and sensitive about her weight, turned and pounded Jeff on the shoulder. "Nobody asked you to hold my chair," she screeched.

"Ouch!" roared Jeff. "Father said I had to." He ducked under the tablecloth. "See what I mean, Mother? How can I treat her like a lady when she behaves like a wrestler?"

Margaret Shannon suppressed something between a sigh and a smile. When Arnold, her husband, emerged from his books long enough to make one of his rare suggestions for the training of the children, Margaret did all she could to carry out his

In The

*Here is a could-be-true story
of what happens when a
perfectionist father and a more
understanding mother try to
teach their children manners.*

It's fun—for the reader

ideas, because Arnold's advice generally was sound. The trouble was that he expected overnight results. Like the English test papers he brought home to grade. Arnold had taught his students; he expected their papers to be correct. It was the same with his own children, Margaret thought; he told them what was expected and then looked for immediate results. If they were not promptly forthcoming Arnold was again deep in the classics, the children's training once more left to their mother. Margaret threw a loving glance at her tall, quiet-eyed husband. She hoped his suggestion for adult deportment on the part of their children could be worked out peacefully—it could be, if he would only remember that changes in the behavior pattern of children must be gradual.

"Jeff," his father was saying, "come out from under that table and sit down."

Five-year-old Ralph cackled.

THE CHILDREN sat and Jeff grabbed for the corn bread. "Oh, boy, am I ravishing."

"Hands in your laps," Margaret reminded them. "No reaching until we've returned thanks, and then, Jeff, you must pass the plate to your sister first."

Judy giggled, "Remember your manners, Jeff."

"Aw, hush, Sis."

"Children," their father warned.

Margaret bowed her head, "Father?"

There was a moment of stillness as Arnold Shannon returned thanks, then Jeff handed the plate of corn bread to Judy. "Roast pheasant, Princess?"

Judy giggled. She was at that age.

ILLUSTRATED BY BETH KRUSH

Footsteps

Ralph whooped, "Pass the grub down this way, cow hands." Ralph was still in the cowboy stage. "Quiet," Margaret admonished. "Remember our talk before dinner."

In a pleasant family discussion, Margaret and Arnold had talked with the children about their conduct. Arnold had explained that loud talk, giggling, and rowdiness at the dinner table were unnecessary and undesirable. Jeff and Judy, he said, were now reaching an age when they should behave as adults. Jeff should hold his sister's chair when she sat down to the table; he should permit her to precede him through a door. In other words, it was time Judy behaved like a lady and Jeff should treat her as one.

Obviously, Margaret told herself now, the children remembered the talk and were playing the part too well. They crooked their little fingers; they simpered. Jeff wondered audibly whether he was using the right fork. (He had been served only one.)

Judy smirked at her turnip greens, "Such charming canapés," only she pronounced it "cannups."

Ralph, bewildered by the show but thoroughly enjoying it, whooped, "Hi, ho, Silver. Away. Ride 'em cowboy, ride 'em, I say."

Margaret glanced uneasily at her husband. He returned her look, and Margaret knew what he was thinking: that sterner measures would be necessary.

The climax came after dinner when Jeff bent down on one knee for Judy to precede him through the dining-room door, "Enter, Lady Van Lard Can."

Deliberately and with great dignity Judy trod on Jeff's little finger and strolled on into the living room. Jeff went out howling. This, thought Margaret, was too much.

And that night after the children were in bed she and Arnold held another conference. Margaret agreed with her husband that tonight's performance at dinner had been outrageous. Although she had been uneasy regarding the outcome of Arnold's suggestion that the children conduct themselves in a more mature manner, she was now ready to cooperate wholeheartedly. Suppose there had been guests for dinner tonight? Together Arnold and Margaret Shannon planned a campaign that would eliminate further unruly behavior at the dinner table. As they went

up to bed Margaret hoped that for once Arnold would stay away from his books long enough to see her through this difficult phase of the children's training.

HE DID NOT disappoint her, because the next night Arnold caught the gleeful gleam in Jeff's eye just before he jerked Judy's chair from under her. "That will be all, Son." Arnold's voice was stern.

Jeff submissively sat down to the dinner table. Margaret stopped Judy's giggling by sending her to her room until she had quieted down. Ralph's cowboy antics were quelled by a promise that he could not play with his lariat and cap pistol for a week if he mentioned cowboys at the dinner table. Jeff made one more feeble effort to poke fun at his sister by calling her "Lady Marshmallow," but his father immediately put a stop to that. The remainder of the meal was eaten in dismal silence.

On the following night Jeff held Judy's chair without a murmur, but then he sat down and muttered something about this was the first lady he'd ever seen who bit her fingernails. "Besides," he added loudly, "her hair's always hanging in her eyes."

"That's unkind," Margaret said. "Judy's bangs are growing out. She can't help a few strands falling around her face."

"Yeah," Judy chimed in, "and you're the first gentleman I ever saw with bumps on his face and dirty elbows."

"That will be all, children," said their father.

Ralph piped up, "Roy Rogers is a gentleman."

"Let's not have cowboys with our dinner," prompted Margaret. Again the meal was completed in silence.

On the nights that followed, the children said little to one another. Jeff and Judy glowered darkly at each other and each seemed to be trying to see who could finish dinner and leave the table first. Ralph became listless and ate only half his food. Margaret felt the tenseness, *but surely*, she told herself, *this is better than the rowdiness we've been having*. With the ensuing quiet, Arnold apparently forgot this new phase of the children's training. He had not mentioned it to Margaret lately. As usual when dinner was over he became engrossed in his books.

As time passed Jeff and Judy became more antagonistic. Jeff was almost sullen when he was required to open the door for his sister or to hold her coat. Judy, on the other hand, often said, "I'm perfectly capable of taking care of myself. This isn't my idea."

SURELY, MARGARET thought when she had overheard Judy's cold words for the third time, *this is not a healthy attitude. And yet we can't permit our children to develop into three little roughnecks*. The tenseness and uneasiness of the past ten days weighed on Margaret's heart. Oh, if the children would only stop their hostilities! And it was that night that Margaret Shannon overheard a conversation that lifted her failing spirits and then plunged her into despair.

By BETH PHILLIPS COX

Judy was sitting on the back steps when suddenly she called, "Hey, Jeff. Come here quick."

Jeff ran out to the back.

"Look. Look at those lights up there. They must be flying saucers."

"Aw, dope." Jeff's voice was gruff but kind. "That's a passenger plane. Can't you tell by the lights? See, a green one and a red one on the wings."

The two sat on the steps looking up at the stars, and Margaret in the kitchen breathed a sigh of relief. *They do love each other, she thought. Nothing has really changed. Brothers and sisters have to quarrel—they all do. This is simply an adjustment they're going through.* And then Margaret heard a fragment of conversation that turned her hands cold even though they were buried in hot dishwater.

It was Jeff murmuring out there on the steps to Judy: "What do you suppose is wrong with mother and father? It's just not like home any more."

"Sure isn't," Judy answered dejectedly.

"Mother used to laugh with us," Jeff went on in a troubled way. "We'd tell jokes at the dinner table, and even father would laugh. But not any more. They just make us sit quiet through the meal."

"I guess they're disappointed in us," said Judy. "They want us to be grown up and we're not and maybe they're getting old."

The woeful words of her children echoed achingly in Margaret's mind. Heavily she looked back over the days recently passed. Yes—yes. The children were right. It wasn't like home any more. She and Arnold had lost some-

thing beautiful—the sound of their children's laughter.

Now the children were talking again: "Of course, I don't really mind holding your chair and opening doors for you," Jeff went on awkwardly, "I guess I just got sore because we had to be so all-fired serious about everything."

Margaret heard Judy's soft little giggle. "You know what, Jeff? I really think you're handsome. I just said those things about you because—"

"Aw, skip it, Sis. Well, poor old father and mother. It must be tough on them to be grownup and not ever have any fun. I guess we'll just have to do the best we can—for their sakes."

"Yeah."

Well, thought Margaret. Well. And suddenly a slow laughter bubbled up inside her, driving away the tears that had gathered in her eyes. *Old, I'll say, old. Just wait until I tell Arnold Shannon about this.* She reached for a towel to dry her hands and hurried into the living room.

"Arnold," Margaret said, "how old are you?"

"Er, thirty-eight."

"And I'm thirty-six. Do you think we're old?"

"I should hope not."

"Then listen to this." And she told him of Jeff and Judy's conversation on the back steps and of her uneasiness because of the children's antagonism. "Arnold," Margaret finally said, "don't you think we've made a mistake? We've been trying to force maturity on our children too soon and too fast. After all, I'm beginning to wonder if grown-up manners are quite as important as affection, or laughter, or even a good family joke."

Did This Ever Happen to You?

"Mother, Mother," called nine-year-old Betty as she rushed into the house and up the stairs to her room, "Mr. Smith, down the street, wants to take my picture with his big camera. I gotta hurry and get on my new shoes so as I'll look nice."

A pose, the click of a camera, and one darkroom development later. . .

BETTY'S PICTURE



Arnold tapped his book thoughtfully, "Margaret, I have an idea for the children's training."

"What?" Margaret answered warily, fearful that this as another brain storm, yet hopeful, wanting Arnold to encourage and help her with the children.

"Surely," Arnold said slowly, "with you and me loving each other as we do and loving the children, too, they can't fail to love one another."

Margaret nodded in agreement.

"And you, Margaret," he reached for her hand, "are quiet, composed, and lovely. Judy will be like her mother," he smiled. "As for Jeff and Ralph, if I continue to treat you with respect and chivalry, we must hope they will follow in my footsteps. Surely with a little guidance, the children in time will go the way we go—we don't have to prod them."

Margaret smiled back at her husband and kissed the tip of his nose. "Your ideas are always sound. Now, how about putting away your book and let's call the children in for a game of darts?"

"Darts? Darts?" Arnold looked bewildered, then grinned. "Oh, why sure. I used to be quite good at that."

The Blest

"For of such is the Kingdom of God," he said,

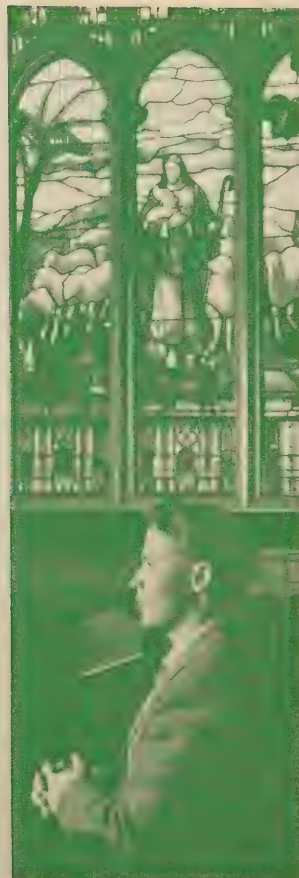
As He laid a hand on a curly head.

Such was Christ's love for the children of men;

And He loves them still, as He loved them then.

MILLIE C. KROLL

I found out about Prayer



*An army contract may not be
the usual means of teaching
the power of prayer,
but here is
one man's experience*

BY EARL HALLSTET
AS TOLD TO BEN KEELE

TWO MONTHS AGO I thought I knew everything. There was nothing about the contracting business, my wife and two sons that I did not look upon as an open book. My ego was tremendous. I had built my business from nothing. I had paved the way for my two sons to carry on while I went into semiretirement. I was a king moving among satellites, in a kingdom calm and successful because I had made it so.

In reality, nothing could have been farther from the truth. My violent temper had, over a period of thirty years, made my wife and two sons become strangers to me, but two months ago you would have never made me believe it.

The emotional powder keg needed only an opportune moment to blow it sky high, and it came in the form of an army contract.

My eldest son had bid on a job, and was advised by the army that he had won the contract. Our rejoicing was short lived, for we found that if we fulfilled the terms of the agreement, we would lose thousands of dollars. It would mean retrenchment and possible bankruptcy, and all the result of carelessness. My son hadn't given the matter any thought, and I had signed the necessary papers without reading them.

I raged and yelled at my son until he became ill. He went to the army office and met the officer in charge of the bids. They took an instant dislike to each other. My son, imitating me, raged and demanded that the army withdraw the contract. The officer informed my son that the decision was final. My son did not return to work that day, nor did he call me. When he came home, my supposedly peaceful household became a tornado. My wife and two sons turned against me. I heard things I could not believe—about the business, about myself—things that they had never confided to me because they were afraid of me.

I walked out of the house hurt and bewildered as I had never been before.

I don't know how long I walked, but when I returned home, I met my wife at the door. I demanded

to know where she was going. She quietly said that she was "going to church to pray."

I looked after her, not believing my ears. I had never considered my wife to be a religious woman. The only religion in my home had been an occasional argument as to whether our sons should be allowed to go to Sunday school. They did not go, of course, because I did not think it necessary.

THE HOUSE was silent. My sons had left too. I felt terribly alone. I don't know what I did other than go through the useless motions that take up time. The enormity of what had happened kept beating at me. At first I was sorry for myself, and then I became frightened. I stumbled into a darkened bedroom and found myself saying, "O God, O God, why did this happen to me?" I found myself praying. I prayed

in the best way I could; I had not confided in God since childhood. A great feeling of peace came to me as I prayed. I asked for guidance as I stepped down from the selfish, smug pedestal that I had built for myself.

When my wife came home, I told her that I had prayed and that I wanted to ask her forgiveness for all my past unthinking bursts of temper. We discussed the business, the attitude of our sons, the problem of the army contract. If anything was to be salvaged of the whole upset, it was up to me.

I called a conference at work the next morning. I apologized to my sons. I told them I realized how my attitude had made them distrustful of me. I said that I would never again thwart them in the ways that they wanted to use to operate the business. I told them that for these many years I had forgotten the most fundamental reasons that made life worth living. The army contract had been a blessing instead of a calamity in many ways. They listened to me respectfully, but without too much belief.

I made an appointment to see the officer and discuss the bid. His attitude on the phone was still one of anger, and it took some self-control to keep my temper. One doesn't change the habits of a lifetime in twenty-four hours. It takes a little practice.

For the week preceding the interview, I stopped at a little church on the way to work. Each time I asked for guidance and help in reshaping my life. The change in me was evident from the attitude of the people in the office. They smiled, but in a guarded manner, as if they expected to feel the violence of my tongue before long. The tension gradually subsided, but was still there the day before the interview with the army.

That night I was discussing the matter with my wife, when she suddenly asked me what I had done for the Lord. Her question was an answer to my statement that I was sure of God's help.

The next morning at the church, her question kept bothering me as I tried to pray. Indeed, what had I done for the Lord? Nothing. I had not tolerated church work. I had frowned upon the idea of religious holidays. I had selfishly thrust everything but my own interests from my life. I had taken everything and returned as little as possible.

As I left the church, I went to the pastor's home adjoining the church grounds. There I wrote out a check for two hundred dollars for his children's charity, and made him promise to see me if he desired more funds or help. I went to work with his blessing, feeling younger than I had in years.

MY SON and I had made the appointment with the army officer for 11:00 A.M. We arrived at the bare little office at 10:45. I remained as calm as possible, but I could see that my son was dreadfully worried. Shortly after eleven, a private ushered us into that office that a week before had been the scene of the interview that had changed my life.

After we had shaken hands, and were seated, he smiled at us.

"Major," I started to explain.

"Colonel," he corrected me, "I just received my commission this morning." He proudly glanced at the silver leaves on his shoulder.

"Congratulations," I managed to say. I had expected an argument, and I found only an officer who was mildness itself.

"You know," he said, "I was a little upset about the argument last week, and I have been thinking about it all week. We can make an adjustment on that bid. I know the sacrifices that you would have to make. Today I couldn't be angry with anyone. If you still want to be released from the contract, just say the word."

My son and I sat there for a few moments in startled silence. I took a deep breath and fervently whispered, "Thank God." My son smiled at me for the first time in weeks.

We received the release from the contract. The new colonel was most kind. We rushed to our office to tell everyone of the outcome; then I practically ran home to tell my wife. Dinner that evening and the conversation afterward made it one of the most wonderful evenings I have ever spent.

We now go to church every Sunday, and part of the income from the business is sent to the church. My sons have regained faith in themselves, in the business, and more and more are turning to God, as I do, when problems arise.

As for myself, I have only begun to enjoy life. My life really began with that catastrophe two months ago. The serenity of the past weeks is something that I never knew.

I know now that success can be dust and ashes without God and all the goodness that he embodies.

All in the Family

BY HAROLD HELFER

• When the roll is called in the Vinemont, Pennsylvania, Sunday school, the answer is "present" from eleven members of the Keener family. Collectively, headed by Grandfather Harry A. Keener, the family has a perfect attendance record for 76 years. Grandfather Keener has 13 years' attendance without an absence mark, and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Clarence Keener, has several years of perfect attendance. Her seven sons and two daughters, aged from 3 to 17 years, present perfect attend-

ance marks running from one to 11 years.

• The family of Mrs. Essie Fly, Medina, Tennessee, seems to run to pairs. She has two daughters, two sons, two granddaughters, two grandsons and two sons-in-law.

The Jungerman sisters, of Defiance, Missouri, Alice and Edith, seem to believe in keeping pace. They married brothers, Raymond and Norbert Benne. And now they've given birth to baby boys, Donald and Daniel, within two hours' time.

Queen's Castle

(From page 10.)

Papers rattled in Mr. Galloway's fingers. Millie watched him lay the sheets before the Jessons. "Now, if you'll sign on the first lines, Mr. Jesson. And you on the second, Mrs. Jesson."

Millie dropped her eyes again. She couldn't watch. She couldn't! She pressed her mouth to keep down the sobs. Now was the time to tell them they couldn't have the place before Easter. But her tongue was stuck to the roof of her mouth.

The papers rattled again. Mr. Galloway's steps moved around the table. White sheets appeared on the table between Millie and Craig. Millie's breath stopped. Almost over now. Gone. Gone!

Mr. Galloway's voice was very close. "And now you, Mr. Harriman . . . and . . . Mrs. Mildred Roberts Harriman!"

Millie's breath escaped quickly; her head jerked up. Mr. Galloway's round

face wore a benign smile. And Craig's face! It was alive with the same childish glee as when he had given her her first box of chocolates twenty years ago. He held the pen toward her.

"Oh, Craig!" Millie reached out her hand and then suddenly stopped it an inch from the pen. "When—when must we move?"

Mr. Galloway pointed to a paragraph on the paper. "Possession on or before April first," he read.

Millie's hand dropped heavily to the table. "No, not before Easter!" She knew she was risking her whole future—her chance to insure herself a permanent home to be proud of. Craig could yet very easily complete the deal without her. "Make it two days after Easter! That'll be fine. I'll work day and night to do it. But Deanna . . . Deanna's bringing home . . . a friend."

Millie's heart throbbed through an interminable silence. Mr. Jesson shuffled his feet. "Well . . . I don't know about that. The spring work should—"

"Oh, Jess, we can manage." Craig leaned toward the man. "Drive back and forth, if necessary. It'd be less than two weeks longer. And it means so much to the girls."

"Well . . ." Mr. Jesson's voice spun out the word and then abruptly added, "Okay."

At that moment Millie wanted to kiss them all. *Funny how hate could turn to love so fast*, she thought. *They were still taking her home but . . . now it was different.*

CRAIG and Millie had walked three of the four blocks to their car before either of them spoke. Then Millie slid her hand under his elbow. "I've been thinking, Craig. If we cut a window in the south wall of the Jesson kitchen and put the sink under it and big cupboards on each side, we wouldn't need the pantry. It could be made into a bathroom."

Craig drew her hand through his arm. "We'll make it good, Millie. Last is best of all the game, you know."

BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

A The first finger -----	118 99 122 105 60
B Improved in health ----	24 54 71 88 76 44
C A fence of thicket or brush -----	115 100 123 111 61
D Another name for God--	26 42 70 45 14 50 65
E False -----	92 103 98 79 31 66
F A timepiece -----	112 62 114 119 53
G One-sixtieth of an hour--	77 36 51 21 74 86
H New, or unusual -----	108 78 101 97 59
I Earliest or foremost---	73 109 94 63 38
J A sleeping garment ----	19 33 47 4 3 35 13 84 34
K A Hebrew prophet; Elijah's successor -----	40 67 81 55 39 43
L The style or mode of anything -----	41 57 22 75 68 72 80
M Below, or beneath -----	8 37 49 2 7 82 10 5 6 1
N A Zero, or cipher -----	93 104 27 83 56 64
O A ration for the needy; alms -----	52 121 58 102

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50
51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60
61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80
81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90
91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120
121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130

Solution on page 45.

P To play a stringed instrument idly -----	96 29 107 117 20
Q A refuge, or place of protection -----	28 12 25 9 11 18 16
R A song sung by a single person -----	91 106 120 116
S A large, rounded, juicy fruit -----	17 90 32 48 87
T Person who catches trout, bass, or such -----	46 95 124 85 15 30
U Sleeping time -----	110 113 69 89 23

Family Fun with the Irish

By LOIE BRANDOM

A party in March for the whole family? Yes, of course! The weather may be blustery out of doors, but inside, oh, what fun!



Invite the neighbors young and old,
To the Irish shindig you will hold.
For with Irish games and songs and wit,
You party is sure to make a hit.
So start it off in fashion gay,
And launch this game for them to play.
Both young and old could join in this,
If carefully they look and nothing miss.

Reminders of Ireland.—The winner of this contest will be the one who finds, and writes down by name on his or her slip of paper, the largest number of articles that are typically Irish, to be found scattered about the room. Such articles may include: a map of Ireland; an Irish potato; a toy pig; a white clay soap-bubble pipe; an Irish flag; a green necktie; a shillelagh; a piece of linen labeled "Made in Ireland"; a wiggly green toy snake; a shamrock; a piece of cork; a picture of an Irish jaunting car; a Blarney stone; some Irish moss; etc.

A Race to Cork.—When the contestants have been divided into teams of equal size, line them up in rows behind a starting tape. Both the young and older members among the guests may compete in this race with equal skill. At the end of the room opposite the starting tape, have ready a table on which are pans of water, one pan for each team in the race. In each pan of water, float as many new corks as there are members of the team. At the word "go" the leader of each team runs forward to the table, with his hands held behind him, stoops above the pan belonging to his team, and tries to catch one of the bobbing corks out of the water with his teeth. When he has secured one, he must carry it between his teeth while he runs back to his line and touches off the next player, who repeats the performance, and so on until all have secured their corks. The team wins whose last runner is the first one to return to his place after securing a cork.

Pat's Hat.—Have ready a tall Irish hat made of cardboard covered with black paper. On the top of the hat, put some black soot, spread out inconspicuously, and stick a few pins in it. Display an attractive award to the winner. Then call for volunteers to see who can pull a pin out of the top of the hat in the shortest time by using his teeth. If the hat has been made large

enough, three or more may take part in the contest at one time. Of course, they get their noses and chins blackened, but when they get a look at each other and realize what has happened, the contestants join in the general laugh.

"'Tis Cork Ye Be After," says Pat, as he puts a large, empty bottle on the table at one end of the room and sets the cork lightly on the top of the bottle. He then lines the players up at the opposite end of the room. The first contestant is instructed to hold her right hand over her left eye,



and extend her left arm straight before her, with the forefinger pointing at the cork on the bottle. She is then to walk quickly toward the bottle and push the cork off with her finger, on the very first try.

A Relay Race for Men Only.—Have ready two aprons with long strings, and dust caps with elastic gatherings. Divide the men into two groups. Hand the leader of each line a cap and an apron. At the starting signal each leader ties his apron strings in a double bow-knot about his waist, puts the cap on his head and runs to the goal line and back. There he hands the cap and apron to the next in his line. The second racers repeat the performance of the first, and so on until all have taken part.



Grandma's Basket

Remember the game of "Grandma's Basket"? The first player states, "I put an anchor [or any object starting with *A*] in Grandma's basket." The second repeats, "I put an anchor and a biscuit in Grandma's basket." The third responds, "I put an anchor, a biscuit, and a clarinet in Grandma's basket." This continues around to the first player again, and so on through the alphabet. Anyone who fails to recite the list correctly, or who cannot name an article with the proper initial must drop out of the game. Finally, only one player, the winner, remains.

After a little practice, the game may become too easy. Then you may want to select a certain type of basket. It may be a flower basket; then a fruit basket, a vegetable basket, or an animal basket, etc. By mutual consent, the letter *X* may be omitted in these categories, for who but a botanist

would know that xeranthemum and xanthisma are flowers?

Neither is there much use for the letter *U* except for the mythical unicorn in the animal category. Other letters are not troublesome, providing the referee will accept dried corn, diced beets, or dandelion greens for the *D* vegetables. Both *J* and *N* are also a little difficult, but you may try Jersey tomatoes or juniper berries, and navy beans or new potatoes. *X* and *Z* are best omitted from the vegetable basket.

When tired of categories, go back to common objects, but still using Grandma's basket, play "Alliterative Adjectives." Each object placed in the basket must be described by an adjective beginning with the same letter. All the items can be ridiculous, such as an attenuated artichoke, a blonde behemoth, a corrugated clavichord, or they can be plausible, simple objects, like an antique

By RALPHE. OGDEN

armchair, a black beetle, a corner cupboard, and so on down to a zany zealot. It is better to eliminate the letter *X* on this one too, although there possibly could be a xanthous xebec.

In case of disagreements as to the validity of a word, a large dictionary, an atlas, and perhaps a seed catalogue should be kept within easy reach.

A favorite variation of this old game is to go traveling to different cities and countries, bringing back to Grandma an accordion from Albania, a blanket from Bucharest, a candle from Ceylon, and so on around the world to Zululand or Zanzibar. You can use the entire alphabet on this one, for it would be quite possible to get a Xicalpextli in Xochimilco, but, after all, perhaps it would be easier to remain in the United States, and bring Grandma a Xylophone from Xenia.

Going to Dublin is a game played just like the game of "Going to Jerusalem." And the well-known game of "Ruth and Jacob," can be played the same, with the name changed to **Pat and Bridget**.

Pat's Rhymes.—Distribute pencils and paper and explain to the guests that they will be given one minute to see who can write the longest list of words that rhyme with Pat, such as: gnat, fat, mat.

A Murphy Race.—Have the contestants stand in line, with their toes on the starting tape at one end of the room. Then hand each one a small teaspoon in which

is carefully balanced a very large Irish potato. At the signal "Go," the contestants race forward to the other end of the room, touch the wall with their free hands; then, without turning around, they walk or run *backward* to the starting place. The one who first crosses the starting tape on his return trip, wins, providing of course, he has not dropped his potato from the spoon en route. Make it a relay race if the party is a large one.

Refreshments.—Little pork "pigs" in bun blankets, potato salad, green sweet or dill pickles, coffee for the adults, and limeade for the kiddies. Keep the

menu simple to make this part of the planning easy.

Prizes should be reminiscent of Ireland, such as: an Irish linen handkerchief, a book of Irish songs or jokes, a small bottle of green perfume, or a white clay soap-bubble pipe with a bow of green ribbon tied to its stem.

Irish songs and jokes make a perfect ending for a party of this kind. Drop hints with the invitations that everyone will be expected to participate in the singing and storytelling.

Have a "foine" time with the Irish. Sure and St. Pat's is the day for "foine" fun for the family!

STUDY GUIDE

on "Are You Really Glad You Have Television?"

Report on the Article

1. See that as many members of your parents' group as possible read the article before your meeting.
2. Ask each parent to come prepared to tell about television programs they have found most enjoyable as a family.
3. At the meeting have the leader or some other especially interested parent give a report on the article. (It must be given by someone who has television in the home!)

General Discussion

1. How many in your parents' group have television? Of those who do not, how many wish they had television? Why do the rest not want television at all?

2. Have you ever asked yourself the question raised in the article, "Am I really glad we have television in our home?" What would be your answer? Encourage replies from a number of different families.

3. Suppose your family is the only family in your neighborhood or among your children's friends who does not have television in your home. You can afford an inexpensive set. Would you think it better to spend the money and have a television set in your own home where you can supervise what your children see, or save your money and let them go on teasing to watch television in other homes?

4. Do you agree with the procedure Mother Wood followed when their television set was new? What might have happened if she had been too strict at the very beginning and set down hard and fast rules limiting its use? What would have been gained if the problem of "rules for television" had been discussed in the family council *before* the set was brought into the Wood home?

5. What advantages for television are mentioned in the article? Do you agree that these are all advantages? Can you think of some other advantages?

6. What are the most obvious disadvantages of television or the actually harmful uses made of it? From your experience, can you name some bad effects that were not mentioned in the article? Without using names of real people can you describe some actual situations in which you think television has been allowed to monopolize a family's time? Why is this wrong? Can you describe situations where families have used television unwisely in other ways?

7. Have you worked out any rules for television in your own home? If so, how were these rules arrived at?

Were they first discussed in your family council? Can you see any value in working out such rules together as a family rather than always having the parents make the rules and then force them upon their children to obey? Should allowances be made for relaxing some rules when a very special program is to be televised? For example, in the Wood family when the Metropolitan Opera was televised at the beginning of the season, six-year-old Marjorie was allowed to stay up for the first half to

When Children Come with You

plan to have a leader who may: **Conduct a Story Hour.** Stories may be found in this magazine, in the primary and junior story papers, or in books in the church or public library.

Direct Games. Suggestions for games are sometimes given in the primary and junior story papers and in this magazine. A good book of games is *Children's Games Around the World*. Another good one is *Games for Boys and Girls*, by E. O. Harbin. You may be able to borrow these books from your church or public library.

Guide in Making Things. Ideas and suggestions are frequently found in the primary and junior story papers and in this magazine.

Lead a Missionary Project. For information, Baptists may write to Miss Florence Stansbury, 152 Madison Avenue, New York 16, New York. Disciples may write to Miss Carrie Dee Hancock, 222 Downey Avenue, Indianapolis 7, Indiana.

see what the program was like and to feel that she had a part in the family's enjoyment of the opera. Jimmy and Catherine stayed up for relatively longer periods, but went to bed before the end.

8. How much time on an average each day do you think should be allowed for television in a family? For preschool children? Elementary children? Adolescents? Adults? How much time do you give to television in your family? Is this too much? What steps can you take toward reducing the amount of time your family gives to television?

9. Do parents have a responsibility for limiting their own use of television so

as to encourage their children to spend more time reading good books, playing outdoors, creating useful things with their hands, making friends, and the like?

Television Programs

1. What has helped your family the most in evaluating television programs? Have you found worth-while evaluations in any parents' magazines or Christian periodicals? Which ones?

2. What have you done to help your children to evaluate their own programs? After a comedy show, could you ask whether or not the jokes or situations were really funny, true to life, made you feel better? How can you help your children to enjoy something else besides cowboy pictures, comedy shows, or mysteries? Have you ever encouraged your teen-agers to watch a good play, like "Victoria Regina," "The Man Without a Country," or "Berlin Airlift"?

3. What television programs does your family enjoy most and why? Which programs appeal most to your preschool children? To those under twelve? To teen-agers? To father and mother? What programs do you watch together as a family? Why? Have you found any programs to be definitely harmful or worthless? Which ones? Have you found any way to overcome the subtle influences of the attractive and clever liquor or cigarette commercials? What programs, if any, do you discourage or forbid your younger children to watch?

For Further Study

1. Look through the listings of television programs for this next week in your local paper. Check a few programs you have never watched or heard discussed, but which you think might be good. Plan to look at some of these to increase the variety that could be enjoyed in your family. Ask other members of your family to help evaluate these new programs.

2. Buy a television guide and read about some of the programs that are offered. Check those that might appeal to your family.

3. Watch your local papers and magazines for articles about coming television shows. Make a note of those you wish to plan to see, if possible.

4. If you can get advance information about a good play or concert, prepare the members of your family for its enjoyment by learning something interesting about the play or the music.

By MARGARET S. WARD

WHAT THE CHURCHES ARE DOING IN

family life



By J. D. MONTGOMERY

A Mothers' Club

The Hollywood Beverly Christian Church, of Hollywood, California, has a club for mothers. The program is planned by the mothers of the church and designed to reach and help homes in the community, particularly those whose children are in the nursery and kindergarten of the church school. As children are enrolled in the nursery or kindergarten, their mothers are invited to become members of the club. This links each mother with an activity of the church along with her child, even though she may not be actively affiliated with the church.

The club meets once a month at a convenient hour during the morning. The program provides for special speakers invited to bring themes of immediate interest and help to mothers in the education and care of their children.

One of the features of the church program related to this club is the dedication of parents and child at specially arranged services following the Sunday morning worship service. If the mother has not been a member of the club previous to this dedication service, she is invited to join. In this way the club brings homes into the church family and helps families find their place in the church life and become active in its program.

Family At-Home Night

At the University Christian Church, San Diego, California, a unique feature of the church's emphasis on Christian family life for the last three years has been an *At-Home Night* every Wednesday. The Committee on Christian Family Life has included activities in the home as an integral part of the educational program of the church. All groups within the church have been discouraged from planning any activities for Monday evenings. It has been their earnest desire that this one night be considered as sacred by the families of the church, and kept as *At-Home Night*—a time when family groups may share intimately and joyously in fellowship and activity.

As a phase of this educational program, the Committee from time to time has made suggestions regarding possible activities within the home for these evenings. It has encouraged hobbies and crafts and other activities which can be carried

on within the family circle as a part of their fellowship and sharing.

In relation to this emphasis on family activities, each year the Committee has conducted a "Craft and Hobby Show" to provide an opportunity for family units to display what they are doing, as well as to see what others are doing in a similar way.

Leading up to Easter, 1951, a special series of Easter Studies and Readings was mimeographed and distributed to the families of the church as a means of encouraging richer family experiences. This closer integration of Christian family life into the educational program of the church was done in collaboration with the Committee of Christian Education. The special Easter series was carefully prepared, and contained a message to parents, suggestions for decorations, a list of appropriate pictures for the home, titles of suitable hymns, and a brief outline of special activities. Then, five studies centered around the Easter story were outlined, with scripture references and suitable questions for discussion. The series closed with a few carefully selected titles of good books for the home.

Family Friendship Month

The First Christian Church at Medford, Oregon, planned a unique program centered around Christian Family Week last May, in which the entire month of May was designated as "World Family Friendship Month." The success of the program was due to the patient effort of three women.

The church board was approached and gave its consent. Plans were made far in advance, and during April people heard about "Family Month" through the daily paper, radio and talks. Besides, fliers were sent home by the Sunday school children and announcements were put in the church bulletin. This publicity reached the people, and many came who had never before enjoyed the fellowship of the church.

Every Sunday evening in May a special program was presented at the church. It began with a pitch-in dinner at six o'clock, with the tables decorated according to the theme of the evening. A rich fellowship took place around the tables, and special music and readings were presented by the youth and adult groups.

At seven o'clock, when the dinner was over, all those present were divided into study groups according to age, from the nursery to the adults, but the general theme of study was the same for all groups.

For adults the topics for study each evening and the guest speakers were as follows:

1. *World Families*, with a returned missionary as guest speaker.
2. *Community Families*, with the city Scout master as guest speaker.
3. *Families in Civic affairs*, with a lawyer as guest speaker.
4. *Church Families*, with a pastor as guest speaker.

The adults opened their study each evening with a short devotion led by one of the families of the church. After the study period the Sunday evening church services were held, having been planned to fit the family theme of that day. The attendance at these special programs of family interest was most gratifying.

Puerto Rico

(From page 7.)

attending the services, and after several years he and Dona Lola were baptized. Although he seldom visited Fransisca since he began attending the services, it was necessary before baptism to repent and make a definite break with his old life. He promised to send Fransisca money by her brother each month for the support of their two sons.

What a happy day it had been for him and for Lola when a year later they discovered that she was to have another baby. He could not be kind enough to her. She seemed happier than ever before in her life. One day anxiety crept over him as he saw Fransisca's brother coming up the hill leading his two sons by the hand. The brother spoke briefly. Fransisca was marrying another man and no longer wished to care for the children. Lola, who had overheard the conversation, came to the door. She was big with child and moved awkwardly, but there was happiness in her face. "I will care for them," she said simply. Nothing more was said.

The two boys soon found that the farm was their home. When their new half-brother arrived, they were as thrilled as were the parents. They would sit by the hour, rocking the little hammock. Never was there any distinction between the boys. Through the years six more children blessed their home.

What happiness and unity they had felt in the years when the children were small! Together they worked the farm, prayed, read the Bible, sang hymns, and attended the services in the chapel on the hill. Although they were never wealthy, they never knew real want. True, during the depression days they had had less, but there had always been some food and clothing for all, and enough left for the Lord's share, for, since their conversion, he and Dona Lola had faithfully tithed to the church. They wanted others to have the opportunity of hearing the message of Jesus which had so changed their lives.

Don Justo had a fine family, ten children, one of them was with the Master now. Perhaps he, too, was a *diezmo* (tithe), thought Don Justo. All of his living children had been able to go to the new school built on the highway near by. One son had gone to college, two of the girls, before they were married, had been nurses, having been trained in the Presbyterian hospital, which had set new standards for medicine and nursing on the island.

"Don Justo!" Don Lola's voice penetrated his thoughts. "I believe you were asleep! This is the third time we've called you. Dinner is ready, and the children must eat so that they can leave soon."

Don Justo arose slowly and followed her to the dining room where the others were waiting. Two of his sons and one of his daughters were with them this week end and had brought their children.

Don Justo bowed his head and the chatter which filled the room quieted. He prayed to God as had been their family custom since the early days when they had accepted Christ. Yet he prayed as he had never prayed before, humbly, simply, thanking God for his many blessings and for the Guiding Savior who had led them through the years. As he finished, Dona Lola barely touched his hand. Perhaps she, too, felt something.

Hungry, happy children and grandchildren gave them no chance to speak, but that night, when all of them had left for their own homes, he and Dona Lola would walk alone through the dusk to the little chapel on the hill where they had found the Author of abundant life.

Puzzled Brow

(From page 12.)

"No she don't," he blurted. His heavy breathing was interrupted by sobs. "She . . . she don't like me when . . . when she tells me to put away my toys. She . . . she yells!"

I dropped my head at the thought of how I must have hurt him. He needed my love. Of course, he did. And I did love him. He should know that.

John's voice was going on, trying to explain, "She was in a hurry. People yell sometimes when they're in a hurry."

"Mother . . . Mother don't love me when she's in a hurry. She won't . . . won't let me love her either."

Everything snapped clear. A four-year-old had felt it more keenly than his mother. I had let details . . . rushing, crowd out any real expression of love for him. He needed to know I loved him. He needed me. I had failed him.

Right there I resolved I would give him more attention. After dinner I would . . . No, he always went to sleep soon after dinner. Tomorrow I would have plenty of time to give to him.

Picking up the silverware again, I started for the table. But at the door I stopped abruptly. I remembered when Freddie was born. I had promised God I would consider Freddie before anyone else. I had pledged my best love and care for him.

Mr. Daniel might be impatient if I made him wait for dinner. He might think the table looked awful. He and John might even be late to the meeting. But holding my voice steady, I turned and called, "Freddie, would you get the napkins for Mother? They're in the second drawer, there under the breadbox."

John jerked up his head with a puzzled frown. Then he broke into that handsome smile of his.

Freddie's face took on an anxious glow as he looked up at me. Suddenly he realized what I had said. "The napkins, Mother? I'll get them!" And he dashed into the kitchen.

John walked over awkwardly and gave me a big hug and kiss; then, wearing his warm smile, he went back to the living room.

Freddie's help made me only five, maybe ten, minutes longer getting dinner.

When I finally announced dinner, Freddie stood alongside and beamed with the pride of his accomplishment.

As we started eating, I noticed Mr. Daniel smiling as Freddie surveyed the table with a puzzled frown on his little brow. Leaping up triumphantly, Freddie announced, "Mother, we forgot to put the salt on the table!" Before I could move, he was running off to get it.

Mr. Daniel evidently did not notice even the scorched taste in the beans. He was grinning and shaking his head slowly. "Mrs. Lee, I'll have to hand it to you. There aren't many busy mothers who find the necessary time and patience to give a kid that age all the loving coaching he needs. I'll have to tell Vera about this."

Even when Freddie marched in with the oversized salt shaker from the stove bracket I didn't scold. I just smiled at Mr. Daniel and gave John a wink . . . Somehow I was proud of my family, including and especially my little Freddie.

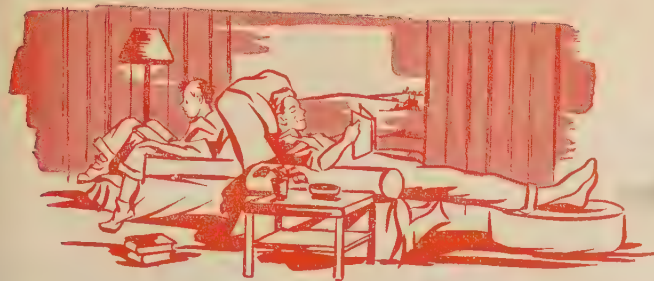
Memories They Leave

(From page 22.)

In crowded circumstances, it sometimes becomes necessary for an older person to share a room and even a bed, with a child. Naturally, the grandparent wants the room in order, and things put away where they belong. The child wants his playthings out where he may use them as he wants to. Things should be so adjusted that each age may have the exclusive use of the room at certain periods of the day.

When grandparents act as baby-sitters, it is very unfair to the parents for them to break over the rules of discipline that the parents have established. Particularly is this true of the bedtime procedure the parents have established for their children. But what a joy for the young people to be allowed an evening of relaxation, knowing their children are being giving loving, watchful care! They should not, however; impose upon the older people.

Our world is composed of generations upon generations in the plant world. The coal that gives us warmth is a result of ages upon ages of mellowing vegetation pressed together to form a new product quite unlike the original grass, flowers and trees. Thus will the thread of life that runs through future generations and comes from the grandparents of today, form a final product of mankind that will leave the world a warmer, better place in which to live, if the memories the grandparents leave have created a true blessedness for their posterity.



Books for the Hearth Side

It is a good practice for children to begin as early as possible to call things by their right names. This means looking them up, as soon as a child can read, even when he "reads" pictures chiefly. A young child's reference books might well begin with the **What Is It?** series. A new one has just been added, **What Dog Is It?** by Anna Pistorius (Wilcox and Follett Co., price, \$1.50). It is much better to know that the dog down the street is not just "a curly brown dog" but is an American water spaniel, and to know what kinds of dogs were his ancestors, and what he can do. The pictures in the book are beautiful, the information is accurate. It is a bit of a game, too, for most of the dogs are given only a number so that a child may guess what it is, and the correct answer is in the back of the book. Among other books in the series are **What Butterfly Is It?** and **What Wildflower Is It?**¹

For the child who likes machinery and action better than books and reading, **The Modern Story Book**, by Wallace C. Wadsworth, is a wonderful combination. It tells about a switch engine, an airplane, a power shovel and other equally interesting "things that go." It is said to be suited to ages four to ten, but it is this reviewer's opinion that the nine- and ten-year-old child will not care for the personification of these machines and will want just the facts. There is a great difference in children, of course. It certainly would be a good book to read to a six- or seven-year-old boy. Paul Pinson's illustrations are so full of action that they almost jump off the page. The book has a large page-size and the price is \$2.00, published by Rand McNally & Company.¹

Children of all generations have been fascinated with the myths and legends of many nations which form a part of their heritage of classical literature. **A Treasury of the World's Great Myths and Legends**, by Joanna Strong (Hart Publishing Co., 319 pages, \$3.75), is an exceptional collection of these dearly loved tales. It includes Greek myths, tales from the ancient Hebrews, Romans, Chinese; some of Aesop's fables; Norse legends; tales from the Arabian Nights; British, European, and American folktales. The book is richly illustrated with full-page, black-and-white pen drawings by Hubert Whatley, which add much to the interest and attractiveness of the book. Children from eight to thirteen will be especially interested in these stories.

New Handbook of Music History, by Hans Rosenwald (Wilcox & Follett, 221 pages, \$2.50), gives in digest form the complete history of music from its ancient beginnings down to contemporary modern. The emphasis is on style and form. One studying this book will be able to understand the range of romantic, classic and modern music. While this book is intended primarily for students of music, a layman can read it with understanding. Music lovers will find in it the answers to many questions.

Many children are afraid of the fire engine with its screaming siren. **The Great Big Fire Engine Book**, by Tiber Gergely (Simon & Schuster, unpagged, \$1.00), shows in large pictures just what the firemen do when they go to a fire. There is one line of text across the bottom of each double-page picture. This book might help some children overcome their fear of the fire engine.

¹This review was contributed by Hazel A. Lewis.

A delightful book for young children, **Once There Was a Kitten**, by Janet Konkle (Children's Press, unpagged, \$1.00), uses a minimum of text, with full-page pictures to develop the thought that everyone can do some things well. Little Kitten has many experiences of doing things the wrong way. Her mother encourages and consoles her by saying, "There are many things you can do. I am proud of you." Children who have had experiences with kittens will relive them as they look at this book. Those who have not had such experiences will begin to have some understanding of the ways of young kittens. It is a charming book which most children will enjoy, and the lesson which Little Kitten learned will not be missed by those who hear the story.

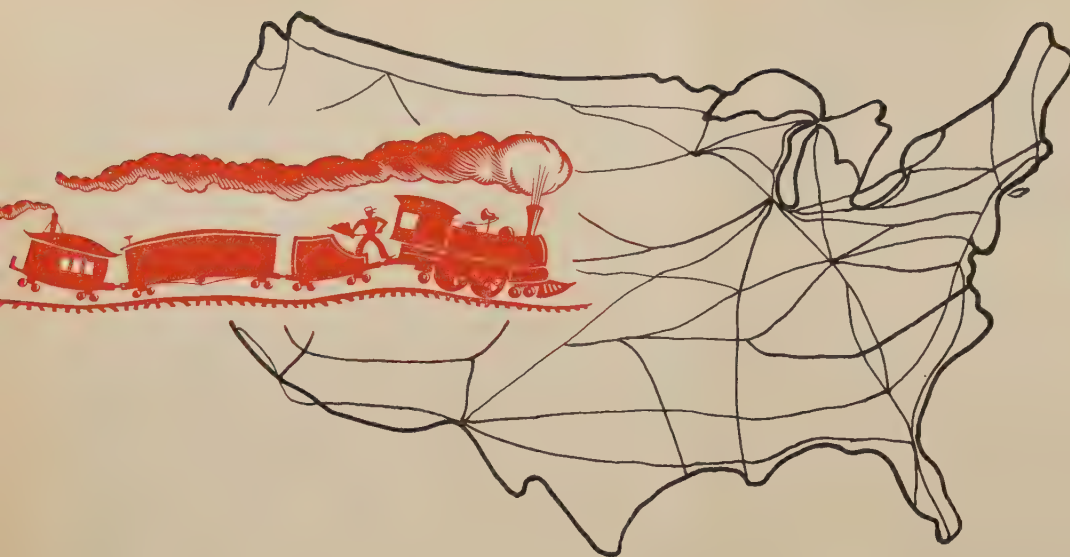
William Henry Harrison, Young Tippecanoe, by Howard Peckham (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind., 190 pages, \$1.75), is the latest addition to the *Childhood of Famous Americans Series*. The author is Director of the Indiana Historical Bureau and has made a special study of Harrison's career. Because he is familiar with many little-known facts about Harrison's early life, he has not only pictured an authentic background but has written an extremely interesting story of the boy's childhood. This book, with its attractive make-up and silhouette illustrations, should appeal to young readers.

The very imaginative story of Golly and Squirrel, two discarded toys, will greatly amuse and entertain young boys and girls. The adventures of these two outgrown toys are told in the book **Yo Ho for Strawberry Roam!** by Byrona Myers (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind., 155 pages, \$2.00). Mrs. Myers has put into book form many of the stories she told her own two children. This book is about their favorite characters. They will become favorites of children six, seven and eight years old as they meet them in this new book.

A beautiful camel took an early morning walk. This simple fact developed into an amusing and unusual suspense story of what did not happen when he reached the spot where "the shadow of the tree falls across the road." **The Camel Who Took a Walk**, by Jack Tworikov (Aladdin Books, New York, \$2.00), is a thrilling and humorous story which will delight boys and girls five years old, their older brothers and sisters, and even the adults who read it to them.

Nine Tales of Coyote, by Fran Martin (Harper & Brothers, 60 pages, \$2.00), is a collection of stories from the folklore of the Nez Perce Indians. These stories tell of the day when animals ruled the earth and lived in teepees just as did the Indians who later came to earth. These were days when magic was alive and one could change from human to animal form at will. Coyote was the greatest medicine man of the time, and he is the center of much of the lore of this tribe. Children will enjoy the stories and the pictures by Dorothy McEntee.

The Happy Day, by Ruth Krauss (Harper & Brothers, unpagged, \$1.50), is a charming book for very small children. The full-page pictures, with only one line of text to the page, tells the story of how forest animals know that spring has come. Marc Simont's delightful pictures tell quite as much as does the text. While this book is for nursery children, kindergarteners would also enjoy it.



ON TH

*Rolling stones gather no
moss; neither did this
much-moved family. They
wisely gathered other
things of greater value*

SEVEN long-distance moves in nineteen years. That's my record—and I've enjoyed it!

Of course, I would be kidding myself—and everybody else—if I tried to say that moving furniture from one port to another is fun. Moving is no picnic. It is laborious, nerve-wracking, and trying, even to the saintliest of Christians. But it may be said, also, that moving has brought numerous joys, and has taught me a few methods that can somewhat ease the strain.

I have met women who, for wholly selfish and childish reasons, have refused to move with their husbands, even though it meant a business promotion for them. A neighbor in South Dakota moved "back home" to Texas because she missed her mother and her colored washerwoman. Her husband was faced with the issue of taking a demotion in his work or of being separated from his family. He took the demotion. Another acquaintance, on being transferred to the West Coast, found himself

miserable because his wife would not reconcile herself to her new environment. She made both herself and her family completely discouraged by pining away for "home." Furthermore, she added to the family's financial burden by making a number of long trips to visit her people.

Despite the painful task of pulling up stakes—sometimes when I had no more than become acclimated and adjusted to a new environment—I have discovered that moving can bring rich dividends. There are the ever-pleasant farewell parties and the lovely gifts which I would have missed had I not been willing to move! Then, too, people say such lovely things when they realize you are leaving. I am reminded of what a minister's wife once said, "Everybody is so nice to us, now that we are leaving!"

But long-distance moving brings even greater rewards. There is the broadening influence of travel, and the invigorating experience of seeing new faces and of meeting unusual and interesting people. Besides, it enriches one's soul through membership in a variety of new Christian fellowships. It helps one to get out of a rut and to find new avenues for Christian service.

Moving contributes to one's ability to meet new circumstances, to live under a great number of un-

usual conditions. I have had to move from a small, quiet rural town to a bustling city; from the heat of Missouri to the cold of South Dakota; from a nine-room house to a four-room apartment; from a kitchen equipped with a kerosene stove to one with an auto-



matic electric range. And I found that some of the disadvantages were occasionally real advantages. For example, in my modern kitchen, when a storm would cut off the electric current just at mealtime, I would wish for my wheezy old kerosene stove.

Since my first siege of heart-rending homesickness (it never recurred after I firmly determined to make the most of each new and strange environment), I have discovered that each move has contributed to my welfare and pleasure. That small town which looked so drab from the train window, actually offered many pleasant cultural opportunities. While making my residence there, I attended

LOVE . . . AND *Liking* IT!

my first outdoor tea party. Held on a spacious garden-terraced lawn, it proved to be a most delightful occasion. The Saturday evening band concerts, where everybody met everybody else, brought enjoyment and inspiration. Our only scenic wonder was "The Devil's Staircase," a rugged chasm in a nearby woodland; but it never failed to enchant our guests.

Moving from Minnesota's usually cool summers to Kansas City's fiery ones was a bit uncomfortable, but then we did not have those huge Minnesota mosquitoes to contend with. "Forlorn and desolate South Dakota," for so it had been described to us, actually was far from that. We had easy access to the rugged Black Hills, where there were many inspiring Christian camps. Then there was the Rushmore Memorial, which people travel across the continent to view. We found that the South Dakotans, far from being backwoods, were delightfully up to date and intelligent, and we acquired many staunch friends.

The reputedly unfriendly East never turned its cold shoulder upon us. In fact, we thrived on its friendly, historical, and cultural advantages. Our present stay in Chicago, which has extended to the unusual length of three years, is enchanting us with its unending stream of interesting events. The city's glorious lake front, with its scenes of beauty, lures us constantly. It is worth a hundredfold the few tears I shed upon my arrival.

Of course, our numerous moves have created a few disadvantages for our children with respect to their education, but both have maintained honor-pupil status. Studying under a variety of school systems has not handicapped them, but rather has broadened their thinking and added countless pleasures they otherwise would have missed. Their friendships—though the parting has been sad at times—have stimulated and enriched their lives.

The physical hardships of moving often can be alleviated by the use of common sense and a generous fund of good humor. By packing intelligently, one should not find it too difficult to locate needed articles in a hurry. One friend who hastily threw his shaving kit into the nearest box had to grow a beard because he could not locate the kit for weeks after moving. We usually number the boxes and keep an itemized list of what each contains.

Even the best of movers, we discovered, would place things in inconvenient places, making endless, backbreaking jobs for us. One time we found the kitchen furniture in the bedroom, and the washing machine in the bathroom. I have learned by bitter experience that it is well to be on hand when the movers arrive. If rugs are placed on the floors first, and if each piece of furniture is then put where it belongs, one can be fairly well settled by the end of the first day.

Where children and babies are involved, the throes of moving be-

come more trying, especially if one youngster comes down with the measles and the other one has been exposed to them. That was my experience. Moving arrangements had been made, and it was necessary to leave on schedule. Our understanding physician helped us solve the problem. Tucking the measly patient into an improvised bed in the back of the car, we brought him safely to his new home several hundred miles away. The following day his sister, breaking out with a bright-hued rash, found us prepared for the emergency with a doctor on hand and the nursery well settled. This was smoothly accomplished by having all the nursery utensils packed with us in the car.

Moving woes can be excruciating but, like birth pangs, they are soon forgotten in the joys of a new home, new opportunity for Christian witnessing, new friends, and a new figure on the check! All this, and more, a woman invites upon herself when she is willing to be on the move with a roaming husband, be he general of the army, traveling salesman, or preacher!



Lotteries, like many other forms of gambling, have deep roots in the past. An understanding of their history may help us to determine their future. Here are some facts . . .

WHILE *Fools* ARE SO RIFE IN THE NATION

AMONG the English-speaking peoples, lotteries are older than slavery. They were approved by the people in England and later by the English colonists in America. But both England and the United States have since condemned and outlawed them on a national basis, England first and then the United States.

On the other hand, both have had and still have their staunch supporters in the world today. Apparently a large number of Germans under Hitler approved slave labor, and present-day Russia sanctions slavery though she uses a more pleasant-sounding word. But slavery is frowned upon by all the democracies, and is as unthinkable in the United States today as dueling would be.

As early as 1566, the English held a public lottery, and officially sanctioned lotteries until 1823. The first Westminster Bridge was largely financed by lotteries. The private ones were called "little goes." By the early part of the seventeenth century, however, some of the English thinkers were beginning to question the morals of lotteries. They were seeing that lotteries were affecting the lives of too many of the poor. Henry Field wrote a play called "The Lottery," which contained this song:

A Lottery is a Taxation
On all the Fools in Creation,
And Heaven be prais'd,
It's easily rais'd,
Credulity's always in Fashion.
For Folly's a Fund
Will never lose ground,
While Fools are so rife in the
Nation.

The Select Committee appointed by the Parliament made this report in 1808:

Your Committee finds that by the effects of the lottery, even under its present restrictions, idleness, dissipation, and poverty are increased; the most sacred and confidential trusts are betrayed; domestic comfort is destroyed; madness often created; crimes, subjecting the perpetrators of them to the punishment of death, are common; and even suicide is produced, as will fully appear by the evidence submitted to the House.

As to be expected, such leaders as William Wilberforce and Lord Castlereagh participated in the struggle, and were ultimately victorious, for the Abolition of Public Lotteries Act was passed in 1823.

To those who think of lotteries as an extended form of gambling, and who would seriously object to having our Government sanction lotteries for any purpose however worthy, it may come as a shock to learn that in colonial days in America, Franklin sponsored a lottery; so did George Washington, and Jefferson sold some of his lands through lotteries.

Apparently the founders of our most religious colleges were not averse to using the lottery for raising money, for such colleges as Harvard, Dartmouth, Columbia, and Princeton received their share of lottery moneys. It is said that the Continental Congress permitted a lottery to help finance the Revolutionary War.

Gradually public sentiment turned against governmental sponsoring of such questionable means of fund raising. Churches began to oppose them. States began to prohibit them. The scandal of the Louisiana lottery brought the matter to a head, and in 1890 a federal law was passed against using the mails for publicizing lotteries. As a result, lotteries on a state and national scale disappeared.

Voters in recent elections have opposed making gambling legal. California and Arizona recently voted it down. The people of Massachusetts rejected a proposal for a state lottery to help finance old-age pensions. However, people in other countries do not oppose the idea of raising revenue and supporting worthy causes through lotteries. France does not, neither do Spain, Ireland, Iceland, Sweden, Turkey, and some of the Latin-American countries.

WHAT is the argument of those who favor gambling, particularly lotteries? They say people will gamble despite all laws forbidding it; so starting a legalized lottery would kill off the illegal ones. The

money from lotteries would ease the tax burden. No one would be compelled to take a chance unless he wanted to, but even those who did not, would profit from the deal.

Many of these arguments are old, and were used years ago in England. Many of them are the same as those advocating the use and sale of alcoholic beverages. But we find that illegal whisky is sold. Graft and corruption go along with all traffic in strong drink, and they go along with all forms of gambling. There is no such division of morality which makes it wrong for the poor to gamble, but not for the rich. When gambling touches the homes of the poor, it takes away money that should go to the children. Children from homes, who bet on the dogs and on races of all kinds, grow up with an attitude condoning gambling. They know nothing of the older principle of working honestly for an honest dollar, but take a chance on striking it rich overnight. At best, all forms of gambling discourage thrift. In our present society, the gambler is

as notorious as the racketeer, and we need to be careful in any effort to raise the social level of either one.

The bishops of the Angelican Communion, in their meeting at Lambeth in 1948, went on record as opposing the whole idea of gambling. They opposed any form of fund-raising by gambling, even for the church. In resolutions, one reads: "And we warn men and women of the danger of acquiring the habit of gambling which has led in so many cases to the deterioration of character and ruin of homes."

Gambling is mentioned in the records of early Egypt and China, and evidence of gaming appears as early as the sixteenth century B.C. But the age of a wrong is no excuse for its existence. Dueling has gone from American society as a form of satisfying disagreements among "gentlemen." Slavery has been condemned for almost a hundred years. It, too, had an ancient history. The fact that something has been done for a long while is no proof that it should

continue to be done. If gambling causes "deterioration of character and ruin of homes," then the fact that the ancient Egyptians gambled is no reason in the world for permitting it in the United States. Oddly enough, the Bible is almost silent on the question of gambling, so we conclude the Jews were not greatly tempted. Paul was aware of the practice among the Romans, and condemned it outright.

Can we sensibly approve of our Government's promoting a lottery however worthy the purpose? With us, our government is "We the People." And to put "We the People" in the gambling business, merely because it had been practiced in the past, or because it appears an easy way to get money, or because "people will gamble anyway," is to offend Christian thought and oppose the Christian way of life. The World Council of Churches at Amsterdam said that gambling is "incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ." If it is—and it is—then there is nothing more to be said.

Family Counselor

(From page 17.)

Flora was permitted to drift along timidly in their wake. She didn't buy her own clothes, for mother always took her downtown and selected her dresses. So she was unwittingly robbed of opportunities to make her own decisions.

She also felt aloof from the other children even when she entered kindergarten. She couldn't do many of the things at that age which well-adjusted youngsters of 5 or 6 could easily perform. She couldn't even Hop-Scotch! So Flora was emotionally retarded.

SOCIAL ROBINSON CRUSOES

The Bible tells us that Eve was created out of Adam's rib because God decided it wasn't a good thing for man to live alone. Happiness is thus dependent on many social bonds that tie us to our environment.

Flora simply became an extreme introvert. She likes to prop herself up in bed and read herself to sleep. Or listen to the radio or play the piano.

She tries to procure her romance via the printed page or the ether waves, for she trembles in agony at the thought of actually having a date with a real boy friend, or going to a dance where dozens of other young people congregate. Why?

Because she doesn't know what to say! She doesn't know what to do! Among people she feels like an alien in a

strange land. So she naturally wants to run back home to mama where she'll be protected and feel among familiar surroundings.

TRAIN FOR HAPPINESS

When youngsters enter the first grade, many of them run away from the school-room that very first day and flee back to mama. These are twins for Flora and indicate faulty parental behavior.

Teach your children to make decisions of their own. Permit them to earn money and then spend it, even though they do so foolishly at first, for they'll profit from such lessons.

And be sure they have playmates.

Never stop with a one-child family, poverty or no poverty. Have at least two children, even if you must adopt them.

Meanwhile, send your only child to a nursery school. Invite children in for parties. Take your youngster to Sunday school faithfully. Go with him to the circus and the zoo.

Socialize him so he'll feel at ease among his playmates. Don't permit him to be emotionally retarded, for this is almost as bad as being mentally feeble-minded.

Send a 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope, plus a dime for printing costs, if you wish my "Introvert-Extrovert Test." Use it for a guide to happiness.

Be sure your children are trained to be ambiverts in their social attitudes. Employ that test as a yardstick.

(Always write to Dr. Crane in care of this magazine, enclosing a 3-cent stamped, addressed envelope and a dime to cover typing and printing costs when you send for one of his psychological charts.)

BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

SOLUTION: "... He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds. ..."

—2 Samuel 23:3-4.

The Words

A Thumb	K Elisha
B Better	L Fashion
C Hedge	M Underneath
D Jehovah	N Naught
E Untrue	O Dole
F Watch	P Strum
G Minute	Q Shelter
H Novel	R Solo
I First	S Melon
J Nightgown	T Fisher
U Night	

See!

It's Cellophane!

We have become so accustomed to cellophane as a sort of wrapping paper that few of us think of it as a versatile craft material. Yet an entirely new kind of "painting" can be done with colored cellophane, beautiful, creative and fascinating. It can be used on pictures, book-ends, trays, book or portfolio covers, lamp shades, table mats, frames, boxes, checker or chess boards, in fact almost anything with a flat surface made of wood, metal or cardboard. All of these things are useful at home or in a class or club room. They also make attractive gifts.

Cellophane craft can be adapted to different abilities. The more talented can concentrate on the creative aspects, with plenty of cutting and pasting for the others to do.

The craft consists of pasting shapes of colored cellophane on a white, gold or silver surface. Overlapping shapes of cellophane produce additional colors, or deeper shades of the same color. For instance, in making a flower of three shades of pink cellophane, the outer petals will be light pink, then where the inside petals overlap, the pinks will be deeper. When two colors, as pink and yellow are used, a light orange will result where the two overlap. Many combinations are possible, as blue and yellow, blue and green, pink and lavender, not to mention additional layers of either color. A gold background changes all the colors, although white or silver does not.

Colored cellophane can be purchased in rolls or sheets for gift wrapping at stationery stores or

by

VERNA

GRISIER

McCULLY

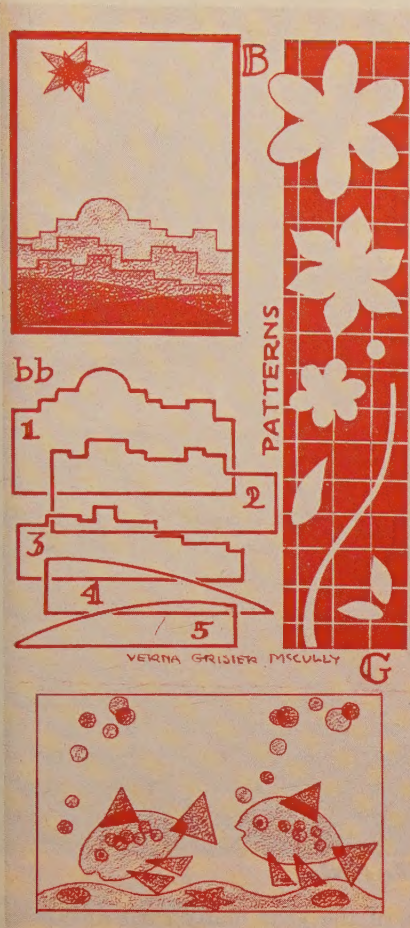
departments, or at variety stores. One roll or sheet of each color will probably be more than enough. Bits of cellophane that come into the home as wrapping can also be used, since no piece is too small. It must, however, be flat and smooth, so cut away badly creased parts. Slightly creased small pieces can often be successfully smoothed with a warm (not hot) iron. Place cellophane over smooth paper when pressing.

Shiny white cardboard makes a good base for colored cellophane. White enamel on wood or metal is also effective. All painting must be done beforehand and thoroughly dry before any cellophane can be applied. Gold, and especially silver metallic varnish on wood, metal or cardboard, makes an unusual background that shines through the colored cellophane. In some cases smooth aluminum foil, such as chef's foil, can be glued to the article as a shimmering background. It is more difficult to make cellophane stick to this surface, so it should be used only when glass is to cover the design as for a framed picture or tray bottom.

Two kinds of adhesive are practical for pasting the cellophane, rubber cement or colorless finger-nail polish. Be sure the rubber cement is relatively colorless, not the black kind used for repairing shoes. Although various brands of colorless nail enamel are usable, some cheaper grades discolor in time.

Best results are obtained with rather small pieces of cellophane.





For instance, flower petals in designs C, D and F should be not over four inches across. A picture like C should measure ten or eleven inches wide by thirteen to fifteen deep. For a table mat like G, the cardboard foundation should be nine or ten by fourteen. Pieces of cellophane forming fish bodies would be four to five inches long. Layers for a scene like B may be six to eight inches across. Lavender and green or yellow and green are appropriate colors, with red and yellow star. The church scene, A, is composed of similar layers.

With these sizes in mind, first draw a pattern on plain paper the exact size the finished article is to be. Then draw the design carefully in pencil outline. If you make flowers, you can copy shapes shown in the patterns, where the squares represent one inch. Indicate each layer of cellophane clearly on the pattern. Decide what colors you plan to use. For the flower designs you can use just pink and green, or yellow and green, or blue

and green, making the blossoms in different shades of the same color. Deeper green results from overlapping green on leaves, as illustrations show. Or you can combine flower colors. What you use can depend on what you have. Since almost any combination gives interesting results, you need not follow natural color schemes.

When the design is carefully penciled, trace each part separately on thin white paper. Do this tracing on a window pane. Space separate traced units two inches apart. Your tracing will be made up of selections shown in the patterns. Do not cut these out yet.

Cut a piece of colored cellophane large enough to cover each unit. It must be the color you have chosen for that part. Cut the piece roughly. Put a dab of rubber cement on it and paste it lightly over the traced portion of the pattern. Cut both paper and cellophane at the same time. This is the only way to cut a cellophane shape successfully. When cut, gently pull cellophane from paper, rub off cement. You now have a neat cellophane shape. Continue to paste and cut all required shapes in this way.

When all the shapes are cut, paste them one by one to whatever you wish to decorate, according to the large paper pattern you have drawn, which is still intact. If your cellophane shapes get mixed, check them against the pattern to determine which part is which. Begin by pasting on the biggest shape first, as the largest flower section, the main butterfly shape, pattern ee, fish body, pattern gg, and so on. Flower stems should be pasted on early, too. Rubber cement is the easiest to use, and is best for any work on a foundation that has been painted with enamel or metal varnish. Fingernail enamel works better on a foil background.

Before pasting on a piece of cellophane, place it upside down on plain paper. Brush all over quickly with rubber cement (or nail polish). Lift up the piece and place it where it is to go. You may not put it precisely where it is on the original pattern, but follow as

closely as you can. Some variation will make no difference.

After pasting on each piece, place clean paper over it and press gently so excess cement or polish will ooze out of the edges. This is important, since an excess of adhesive will make the cellophane ripple. Then paste on the next layer of cellophane, such as a second layer of petals, fish tail and fins, and so on. Add additional layers according to your pattern until the design is complete. Be sure to press out excess cement from each layer. Clean off cement by gently rubbing. Clean nail polish off with polish remover.

Give the design a protective covering. Frame with glass for a picture or tray. For a book cover, table mat, book ends, lamp shade or other articles, cover with a layer of clear cellophane bound around the edges with cellophane scotch tape. Once you have learned the technique of cellophane craft, you may wish to experiment with your own ideas. The possibilities are many.





Over the Back Fence

Homes—Now More Than Ever

There never was a time when homes were not important. Some "wise" men have thought that homes could be dispensed with. Plato advocated that children who were selected to be the "supermen" of the race should be taken from their parents and raised by the state. We are told that a modified form of that program is widely practiced in Russia, where government nurseries care for children whose parents must be producers, as all in that land must be. In our own land we do not have a planned and deliberate program of substitute homes. However, there are many situations when such substitutions are necessary; so we have our benevolent homes, our day nurseries, and other methods of meeting this need.

We do not know what consequences would follow if any nation were to try seriously to put Plato's suggestion into practice on a widespread scale. We can guess, however, that the result would not be a race of supermen. Rather, every indication seems to point to a race of frustrated, insecure, unhappy, self-centered, mind-fettered individuals arising out of such a state-controlled child-rearing program. Certainly, it is the feeling of many psychologists that much of our present widespread neurosis is due to rigid book-methods of child training which prevented the child from feeling keenly loved and wanted.

It is just at this point that homes are now more important than ever. It is only in the home that a basic inner security can be established in the lives of individuals. That security is based on each person's confidence that he is genuinely loved. No suburban mansion filled with costly gadgets, no swollen bank account, no three-car garages, no closets full of mink coats will take the place of true love of parents for children, which is the essence of a real home.

It is just at this point that the church through its many agencies, including *Hearthstone*, is seeking to give support to the home. The church is convinced

that now more than ever the home must be helped to do its job better. *Hearthstone* offers itself as one of the tools for building better Christian homes.

Help Them Decide

During this season of the year many girls and boys make their decision to become followers of Christ. Particularly do the lesson materials of the Sunday church school center around that decision for those who are eleven to fifteen years of age. It becomes progressively more difficult to win persons to discipleship after they have passed this age. Hence pastors' classes and the regular lessons strive to lead girls and boys to this important decision in early adolescence.

Parents and others in the home can help in the making of this decision. Parents should be familiar with the content of the lessons for this pre-Easter period and be especially alert to the suggestions for things to do at home.

It is very important that the interest and concern of the parents be clear to the youngsters as they are considering this step. Both before and after the actual decision is made, a willingness to talk about it and a desire to help must be manifest. Parents might well discuss with their pastors the things that can be done to help.

Occasionally a parent will express the fear that definite home encouragement should not be given at this time. He may feel that too much pressure would be exerted to persuade a child to take the step before he is "ready." The point is, of course, that it is part of the parents' responsibility to help the child get "ready." It is in the home that the deepest groundwork is laid for Christian decisions and where Christian living can be carried out in practical ways.

Now is the time for all parents to come to the aid of their children!



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